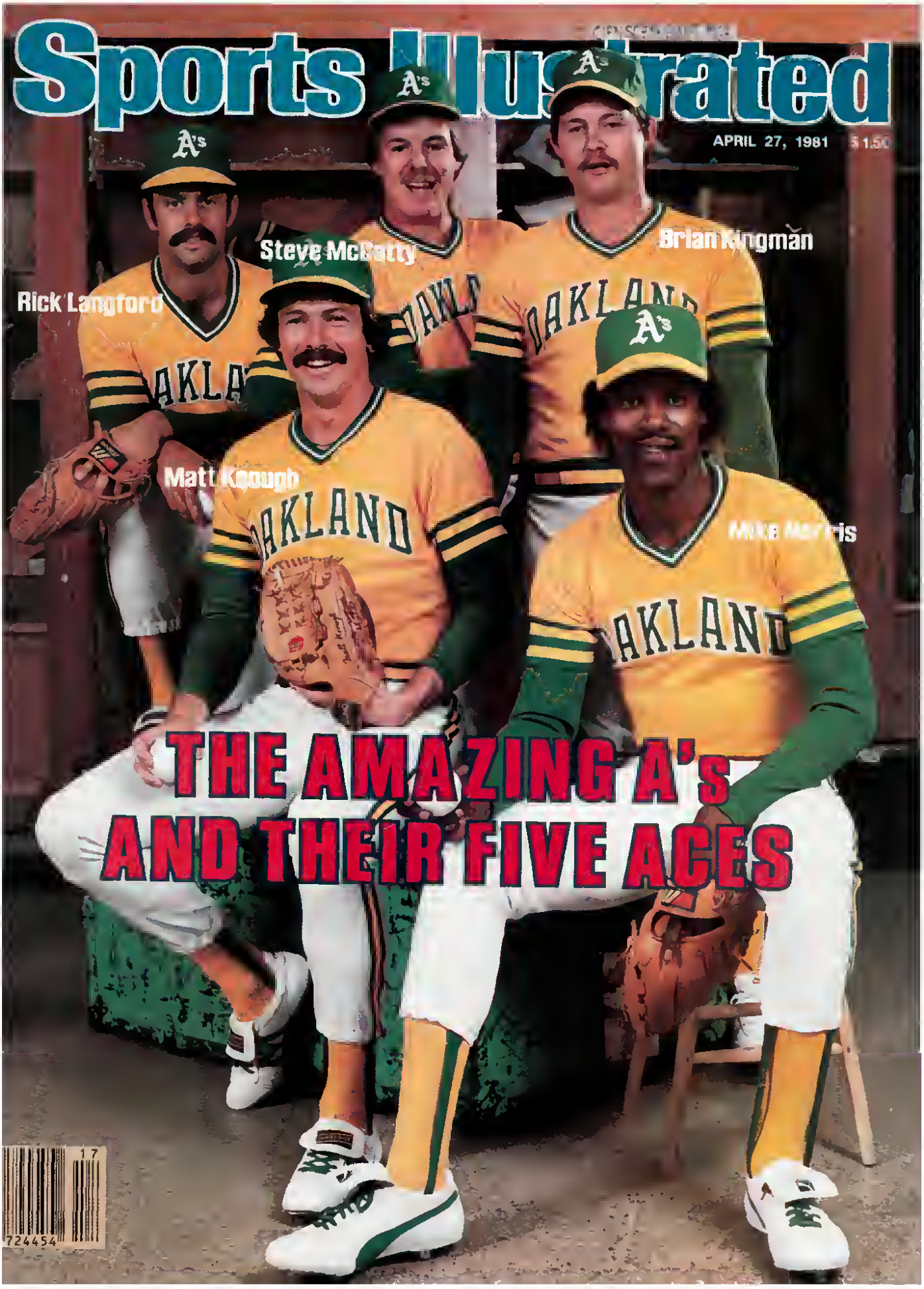

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Sports Illustrated

CONTENTS

APRIL 27, 1981 *Volume 54, No. 18*

Cover photograph by Andy Hayt

Winning Is Such a Bore 18

While Oakland was setting a record by opening the season with 11 straight victories, the relief pitchers were busy doing nothing **by Ron Fimrite**

It Was the Sixers In Seven by One 24

Julius Erving and Marques Johnson were the stars, but then along came Jones, Caldwell Jones, to give Philly victory **by Anthony Cotton**

The Season to Beat Jolley? 32

Trainer LeRoy Jolley's Cure the Blues was the Derby pick until a long shot beat him to set up a wide-open Run for the Roses **by William Leggett**

This Phone Will Ring on April 28 43

Record-breaking Neil Lomax will be one of the top two quarterbacks selected in next week's National Football League draft **by Kenny Moore**

Love and Love 68

Since her triumphant return to tennis, Chris Evert Lloyd, spouse and star, has relished life and her game more than ever **by Frank Deford**

The Departments

Scorecard	11	Baseball	60	19th Hole	92
TV/Radio	58	For the Record	91	*Credits on page 91*	

Next Week

A SHOT AT THE CHAMPIONSHIP awaits Gerry Cooney if he wins his May 11 fight with former heavyweight champ Ken Norton. William Nack profiles the 24-year-old slugger who is living his lost childhood even as he grows to maturity in the ring.

SEDUCTION IN THE STREAMS is the specialty of John Betts, who finds the raw materials for his lures in places such as Frederick's of Hollywood. Robert H. Boyle reports on the man whose sinfully successful synthetics are revolutionizing angling.

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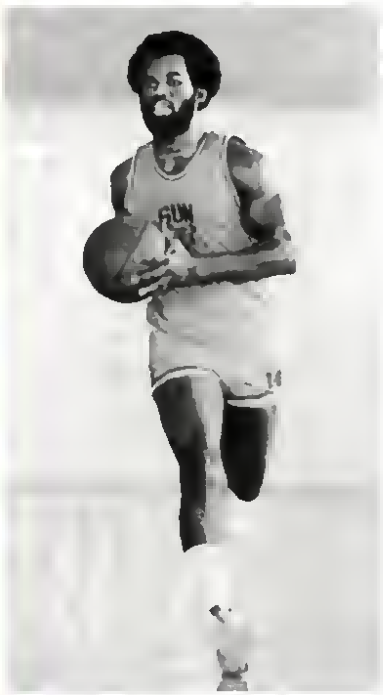
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



COTTON HAVING A SUN DEVIL OF A TIME

Staff writer Anthony Cotton, 24, has had plenty of experience traveling for the sake of basketball. And it's not just because he spent the season covering the NBA, the last two weeks bouncing back and forth between Milwaukee and Philadelphia for his piece in this issue on their playoff series (*page 24*). The 6-foot Cotton is the starting point guard for the Sun Devils in a league at Chicago's Shabbona Park and no small factor in their 45–1 record of the last four years. During the '79-80 season he lived in New Jersey but arranged his work schedule so as to miss only five Sun Devil games.

In high school Cotton had the dubious distinction of being a football star at a basketball power—Proviso East in Maywood, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. He started at cornerback on the varsity his last two years and in the off-season he played pickup basketball at the school. As a walk-on at Northwestern University, he had a cup of coffee as third-string cornerback. During two-a-days in the heat of August, he decided that football wasn't fun anymore. He quit the team, and his only moment of regret came at the season's first game: both cornerbacks ahead of him had been injured, and another freshman started. But Cotton was free to become a total basketball fanatic, the kind of intramural player who arranged his classes around playing the game. "They called us semi-jocks," he says. "I took a job in the intramural office to make sure we always had enough equipment."

Cotton started writing at 10, turning out short stories and mysteries just for his own satisfaction. In college he wrote for *The Daily Northwestern* for a year, using his stories, and the help of a professor, to land a summer job with *The Journal Times* in Racine, Wis. It was a small paper, but not one to confine its staff coverage to local events. Cotton reported on major league baseball in Milwaukee and Chicago and was assigned to interview Jim Rice at a time when the Boston leftfielder was especially cool to the press. The 20-year-old Cotton's first question drew an icy stare; chilled, but not frozen, Cotton blurted out, "Why do you have a chip on your shoulder?" The result was an interview of real substance.

The following summer he covered both news and sports for the *Chicago Tribune* but finally committed himself to sports writing by joining our staff in the summer of '79.

Between assignments, Cotton manages to put in time behind the counter of the White Hen Pantry, a convenience store in River Forest, Ill. owned by his wife, Beth Schmidt, and between sandwiches he sandwiches in another "sport"—video games. He is a master at Galaxian, so adept, in fact, that he has a difficult time getting an opponent to play him more than once. Friends who do consent to go around again usually bring along something to read while waiting their turns.

To date, none of the NBA stars Cotton covers has asked him for help with his Galaxian game, but then again, Cotton has fought the temptation to ask a fellow point guard like the Bucks' Quinn Buckner exactly how he posts his man down low.

Philip D. Hewlett

Newport Lights



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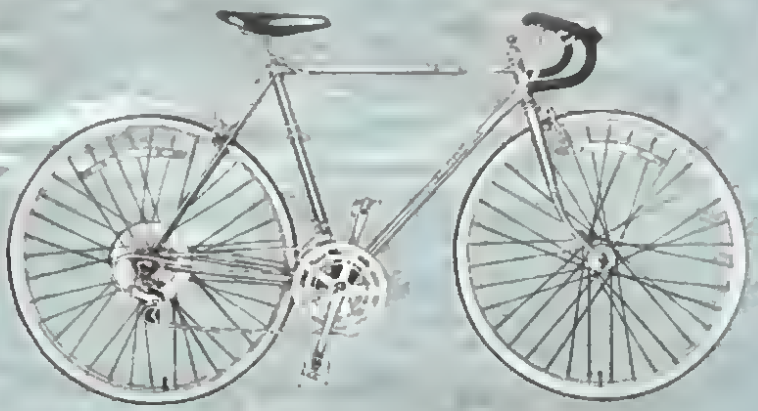


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VIEWPOINT

by STEVE RAYMOND

WHEN THIS WILD AREA BECAME A PARK, ANIMALS LEFT AND PEOPLE SUFFERED

Most people think parks are invariably good for wildlife. After all, look at all those bears and bison in Yellowstone, if the park didn't exist, there certainly would be a *lot* fewer of them. If that's true of Yellowstone, it must be true for other parks, even if on a much smaller scale, right?

That's what I once thought. So I wasn't distressed when I learned that the city of Seattle wanted to convert the land next to my home into a park. In fact, I thought it was a good idea. a park certainly is preferable to condominiums.

My home is on Alki Point, a part of Seattle that juts into Puget Sound. Seattle's first white settlers landed here, and one of the city's oldest families once lived in a mansion on the hillside above where my house now stands. Below the mansion was an arboretum with a small pond fed by natural springs. It was a botanical showcase around the turn of the century and was even featured in a color illustration on the cover of the 1911 Lilly seed catalog.

When my wife and I moved to our home in 1967, the mansion was long gone. The arboretum had become a nearly impenetrable thicket of brush, blackberry vines and bamboo. The brambles discouraged human entry, but they provided an ideal habitat for a surprising variety of wildlife. California quail, ring-necked pheasant, raccoons and rabbits all called the old arboretum home, and scores of mallards frequented the grassy strip along the beach in front.

It's always a pleasure to encounter wildlife in the middle of a big city, and we felt especially fortunate to be living next to so much of it. Most of Alki Point now is crisscrossed with busy streets lined with houses, apartment buildings and business establishments, but the old arboretum had remained a quiet oasis for wild creatures. There they had all the essentials: cover, food and water.

The quail seemed most numerous, and often we would find them in our backyard or driveway. Only rarely did we ever actually see chicks, but early one spring morning I surprised a mother quail in our driveway with 18 fuzzy chicks in tow. Our whole family watched until the mother led them back to the safety of the blackberry vines. I suppose some eventually fell prey to the stray cats that roamed the neighborhood, but the number of quail that always seemed to be around gave assurance that their reproductive rate was sufficient to keep ahead of the cats.

The pheasants were much more secretive and seldom left the sanctuary. Occasionally we would catch a fleeting glimpse of one through a gap in the brambles, but the most spectacular evidence of their presence would come each spring, before the nesting season. Then, in the early evenings, we would hear the cock pheasants calling loudly.

For some reason the raccoons seemed to prefer foraging in the neighborhood on the far side of the arboretum, but one night I discovered a fat, old one in our yard. Its eyes were like a couple of tiny full moons in my flashlight beam.

The rabbits were from domestic stock gone wild: there were white ones, gray ones, buff-colored ones and mottled ones, and our children named them after the rabbits in *Watership Down*.

We enjoyed the company of our wild friends for nearly a decade. The family that owned the abandoned arboretum had sold the property to the city for a park in 1971, but the land was left untouched. Then, early in 1976, the city announced that planning for the new park would soon get under way.

Because few people were aware of the sizable wildlife population in the arboretum, I wrote to the city's superintendent of parks and recreation, urging that every effort be made to preserve the habitat, particularly the brush cover that is essential to the survival of pheasant and quail. I also suggested that the flow from the hillside springs be combined into a single stream, which could be allowed to debouch naturally into Puget Sound. (I had a selfish motive, secretly scheming to stock the stream with cutthroat trout in hopes of developing a run that I could fish in my yard.)

The response was typical. A letter signed by an underling said the city was "in the process of gathering information on the park, which will be compiled into an environmental analysis. Your concerns for the quail and pheasant populations as well as for the improvements to the hillside streams are well founded and will be addressed in this environmental analysis."

Well, maybe they were. I don't know, because I never saw the "environmental analysis," not even at several meetings with park department officials. But developments were to show only too well how the department chose to address my "well founded" concerns.

Biology students from two local high schools volunteered to help work on the park as a community project. In October 1976, with the department's full blessing, the students descended on the old arboretum with machetes, hatchets, scythes and rakes, and began clearing away the brush, blackberries and bamboo. The damage was severe.

The next morning, I found a rabbit on our front porch. Another was in the flower bed and another in the yard. Flushed from their havens in the brush, they had sought refuge around our house. The cats quickly closed

continued


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in, and within a few days all the displaced rabbits had disappeared.

The quail and pheasant were similarly exposed, and since that morning we've never seen another quail or heard a cock pheasant calling. Nor has another raccoon appeared in our yard.

The students who cut the brush were well intentioned, and they are not to blame for what happened. But I've always thought it ironic that biology students were the unwitting accomplices in the extermination of a thriving colony of wild birds and animals.

The following winter the park department brought in a small bulldozer to scrape away the topsoil in the old arboretum and lay bare the clay beneath. But the clay was saturated by heavy rains and runoff from the hillside springs, it quickly became a quagmire and the bulldozer sank into it cab-deep. A much larger bulldozer was brought in to try to pull out the smaller one, but it became mired itself. Finally a vehicle that was large enough to retrieve a tank succeeded in pulling both of them free—leaving the arboretum looking like a World War I battlefield.

Undaunted, the park department restored a ditch along the hillside to collect the runoff from the springs and funnel it into a storm sewer. That, and the installation of a French drain, allowed the ground to dry out enough to be graded to a more or less level plain. Then it was sprayed with herbicides to discourage any comeback by the blackberries or the bamboo.

Grass was seeded, and tables, benches and litter barrels were installed. The ditch was left in place and the runoff still goes down the storm sewer instead of into Puget Sound. The park was dedicated on Aug. 1, 1979.

Since then it has attracted a great many people. Some began to scatter grain for the mallards. Soon, crows and pigeons discovered the handouts and moved in. Now mallards are rare, but crows and pigeons abound.

The park is a haven for another kind of life, too. At night the cars come. Their tires scream and their engines rumble as they race along the beach front. When they tire of racing, they sometimes go into the park itself—even though there are no roads and motor vehicles are prohibited. They drive onto the grassy field, which once was covered with brambles, and dig ruts in its surface. Two trees have been among the casualties.

Sometimes the damage is much worse. So far, at least two cars and a motorcycle have plunged over the bulkhead the city built to keep the sea from intruding on its new park. The motorcyclist won't be back, they found his body in Puget Sound.

The mornings disclose deep scars in the grass. Cans, bottles and other garbage are strewn on the grass where quail once hid their chicks and cock pheasants called.

So don't tell me that parks are always good for wildlife. I know of one that isn't. **END**



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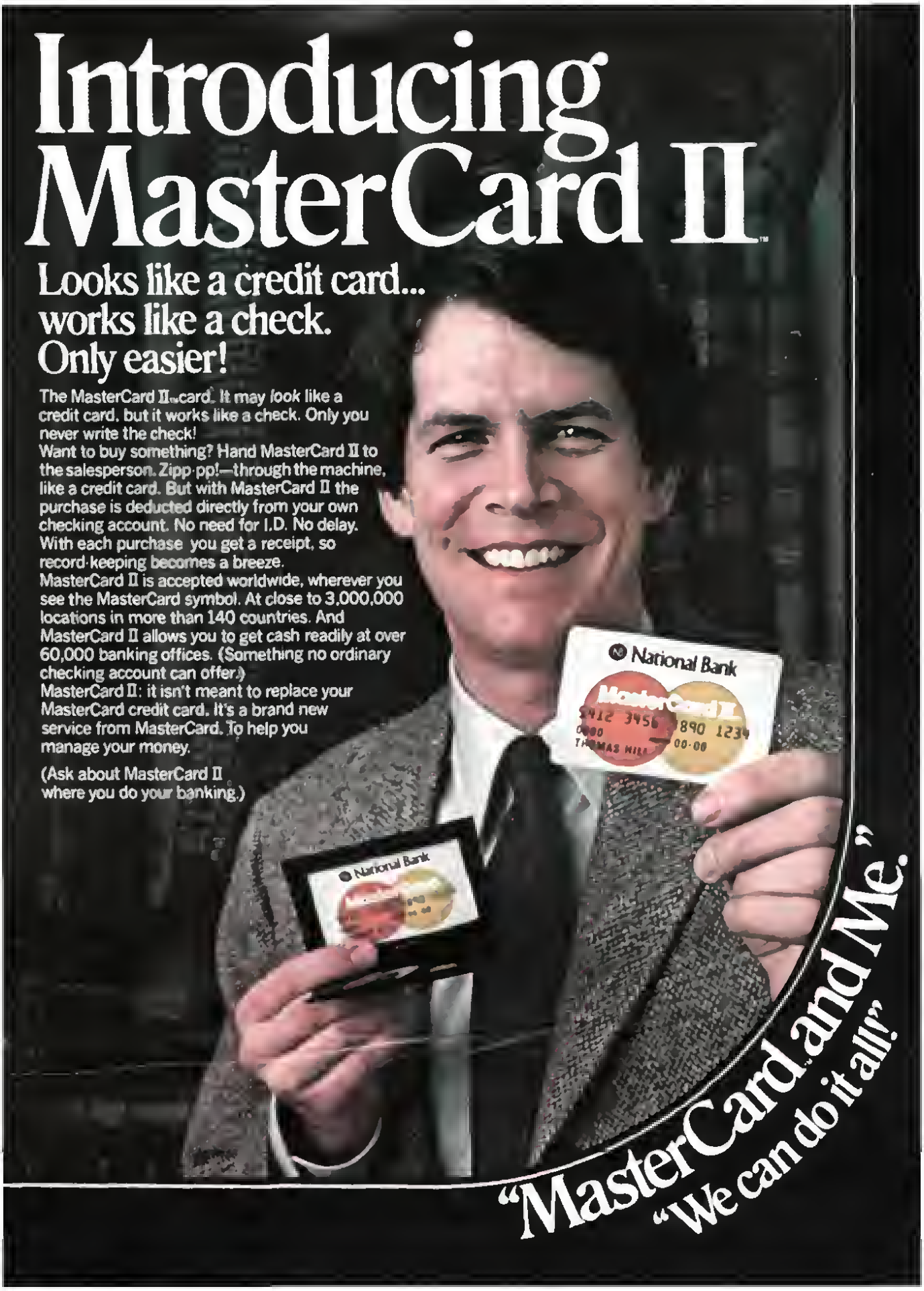
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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

LOOKIN' GOOD

The phenomenon first attracted attention during the 1979 World Series when black youngsters in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium, many of them avowed Oriole fans, took to wearing the caps of the rival Pittsburgh Pirates, Gay Nineties-style headgear resembling visored hatboxes. The Pirates went on to win the World Series, and the club's distinctive black-and-gold-striped cap became the rage among black and Hispanic youths across the country, the haute couture, if you will, of the streets. Since then the fad has transcended its original association with the Pirates; kids now wear the turn-of-the-century-style caps in a multitude of colors, sometimes bearing the insignia of other major league teams. David Koch, president of the New Era Cap Co., official supplier to the Pirates and most other major league teams, says the design also is being copied by many high school and college teams.

How did a team from Pittsburgh, of all places, become the harbinger of a major fashion trend? In fact, the Pirates were one of several National League teams that adopted oldfangled-style caps during the 1976 Bicentennial season, but they alone retained the style. Meanwhile, the Pirates were replacing the Dodgers, Jackie Robinson's old team, in the affections of many black fans. The Pirates had 15 black and Hispanic players on their 25-man roster and had made the soul-disco song *We Are Family* their unofficial team anthem; it probably didn't hurt, either, that their colors are the same as those of the Steelers, another Pittsburgh championship team that relied heavily on black players. Then there's the club's ever popular captain, Willie Stargell, who has dedicated himself to battling sickle-cell anemia, a disease that mainly afflicts blacks. Ralph Cooper, the director of New York State's Harlem-based Governor's Office of Urban Affairs, goes so far as to say that "people in the black community started wearing the cap out of reverence for Stargell."

Considering all this, it's too bad that the old-fashioned cap is sometimes referred to as the "Cap Anson look." A 19th-century ballplayer who had a career batting average of .333 (and whose nickname, as it happens, was derived from the fact that he was the longtime captain of the Chicago White Stockings), Anson was a Hall of Famer, but he also was a bigot who waged a successful crusade to rid baseball of two black players who briefly performed in the major leagues in the 1880s. You'll excuse us if we prefer to think of the style of cap now so popular among street kids as the Willie Stargell look.

THE SOUTH FLORIDA YANKEES

It's all over, fans, and the Yankees have won in a walk. No, not the American League East—it's still a little early for that—but *The Miami Herald's* contest to elect a "step-team" for south Florida. Last month the newspaper invited readers to choose one of the 26 major league franchises as their adopted team for this season (SCORECARD, March 9) and promised to cover the winner as though it were Miami's own. The results reflected the large number of transplanted Northeasterners residing in the Miami area: the Yankees received a whopping 39.8% of the votes cast (1,002 out of 2,518), followed by the Orioles (who make their home in Miami during spring training) with 16.7%, the world-champion Phillies 9.3%, the Mets 6.8% and the Red Sox 5.8%. The Yankee landslide represented the triumph of blind emotion over the cool logic of a Miamian named Ron Berceli, who unavailingly cast *his* ballot for the Chicago Cubs. Noting that the Cubs play their home games in the only big-league ball park that has no lights, Berceli argued that "the Sunshine State's greatest city ought to adopt a team that plays most games in the sunshine." Alas, the Cubs had the backing of only 1.5% of the south Florida electorate, tying the Kansas City Royals for 10th.

ROADSIDE CEREMONY

Stanford Basketball Coach Dick DiBiaso had a problem. Charles Hunt, a 6′ 6″ star at Oakland's Head-Royce High School, had made up his mind to attend Stanford, but the decision couldn't be considered binding until Hunt signed a national letter of intent. College coaches like to have such letters signed at the earliest opportunity, both to fend off rival recruiters and also to create a bandwagon effect that might influence the decisions of other coveted recruits. Trouble was,



under NCAA rules, the signing period wasn't to begin until exactly 8 a.m. on April 8, an hour *after* Hunt, a baritone as well as an athlete, was due to leave with the school chorus on a three-day trip to Los Angeles. And DiBiaso didn't want to wait until Hunt returned home to sign him.

With the connivance of officials at Hunt's high school, a scheme was devised. Early on the morning of April 8, Tim Miller, DiBiaso's assistant, drove out of the school's parking lot and followed the bus carrying Hunt, the rest of the chorus and faculty chaperones as it began the 380-mile trip to Los Angeles. Shortly before 8 a.m., the bus stopped along Highway 580 in Livermore, 30 miles southeast of Oakland, and all 50 occupants piled out. At 8:02 a.m., Hunt signed a letter of intent to matriculate at Stanford, using the hood of Miller's 1979 Toyota Corolla as a writing table. Pictures were snapped, and Hunt's fellow chorus

continued

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members cheered. Then, after he and Miller shook hands, Hunt and his friends reboarded the bus and resumed the trip to Los Angeles.

Was the elaborately planned roadside signing ceremony really necessary? Replied Miller: "Crazy things can happen if you don't sign students as soon as possible. We wanted to be available."

CARVING UP THE BEEF

If this keeps up, there won't be any suspense left in life at all. Besides Paul Zimmerman telling us how NFL teams will fare in next week's draft (*page 54*), now here's Joe Terranova with his annual revelations as to which college football teams will benefit most from the recruiting wars. Terranova, a marketing researcher for the Ford Motor Company who makes a hobby of keeping tabs on such things, says that these schools came up with the best recruiting crops in '81:

1. Notre Dame. Rookie Coach Gerry Faust signed "a collection of athletes at least equal to the Browner, Fry, Hunter class that led to a national championship in 1977." The Irish landed such blue chippers as Quarterback Ken Karcher, touted as being possibly "another Joe Willie," and running backs Chris Smith, who "may be the only player in America to compare favorably with Herschel Walker (from a pure strength standpoint)" and Mark Brooks, star of Faust's juggernaut at Cincinnati's Moeller High and Ohio's 1980 AAA player of the year.

2. Oklahoma. Among the schoolboy phenoms soon to be Sooners are Greg Sims (no kin to Billy but "probably the best defensive lineman in the state of California"), Tony Casillas ("garnered equal accolades in the state of Oklahoma") and Lawrence Hardin and Keith Stanberry ("vicious hitters and the most highly sought-after defensive backs in the Lone Star State")

3. Michigan. Running backs Rick Rogers ("left scouts drooling") and Brian Mercer ("easy to bring down if you can catch him") are Ann Arbor bound, as is receiver Greg Washington, who as a high school player was "pound for pound the best athlete in Michigan."

4. Florida. "If they ever award one of [Coach Charley] Pell's young line recruits a game ball, he'll probably eat it." The Gators also signed a gifted running back, Greg Bain.

5. Alabama. "David Gilmer (6′ 5″, 255), Hardy Walker (6′ 4″, 270) and nosc-

continued

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A Sports Illustrated Book

Little, Brown

guard Chucky McCall (6′ 2″, 240) are all possible All-American candidates .. Terry Sanders from Birmingham may very well be the best kicker in the nation."

Rounding out the Top 10 are Florida State, USC, Stanford, Pittsburgh and Texas, all of which may draw inspiration from the fact that Georgia placed no better than eighth in Terranova's poll in 1979 and seventh in 1980, yet emerged last season as the national champion.

SAME GYM, DIFFERENT GENDER

It may say something about the growth of women's intercollegiate sports that there are at least two former major-college men's head basketball coaches now coaching women's teams at their original schools. Sox Walseth, who was the men's coach at Colorado from 1956 to 1976, last season became coach of the Colorado women's team and promptly led the Lady Buffs to a 28–5 record and an AIAW Division I regional championship. Last week Joe Stowell, Bradley's men's coach from 1965 to 1978, was hired to coach its women's team, which he pledged to upgrade from small-college status to AIAW Division I. Considering that Stowell, like Walseth, had been fired as his school's men's coach, it was slightly disconcerting when he said, cheerfully, "I don't think coaching girls will be any different."

POWER FAILURE

A fire at a Boston Edison substation last Wednesday afternoon left Fenway Park without electric power during the Red Sox' 7–2 win over Baltimore before 8,925 shivering fans. Because of the power failure, there were no lights in the public rest rooms, and some players griped that the clubhouses were too icy for them to get properly warmed up, but one spectator, SI reporter Bob Sullivan, had no complaints. Sullivan found that along with Fenway's other renowned charms—cozy dimensions, real grass, etc.—the absence of electricity helped evoke the image of "what baseball must have been like circa 1905." He reports:

Whenever you pass through Fenway's brick portals on a bright, sunny day, you're immediately struck by how dark it is under the stands. This day it takes a particularly long time for the eyes to adjust. No lights are on, no public-address announcements are heard, and the clocks that should indicate five minutes till game

continued

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time aren't working. It is left to P.A. announcer Sherm Feller to open a press-box window, poke his head out and, with a bullhorn, call out the starting lineups. The words are barely audible to the umpires and managers gathered at home plate, who laughingly ask Feller to speak up. Without John Kiley's electric organ to get things going, Feller now must assume another chore. "I'm going to start this off in a logical key," he shouts. "Ohhhh, say can you see. . . ." The national anthem gets off to a shaky start, but soon the crowd takes up the tune. It's a soft, oddly stirring rendition. At the end the applause is vigorous.

With the electronic message board in center blackened, the scoreboard in left, the only one in the American League still set by hand, takes on attention-riveting importance. But communication with the press box is uncertain. While the four runs the Red Sox score in the first inning are duly recorded, the Oriole run in the second is ignored. Word is passed along to the scoreboard operators about the missing run, and it's finally posted—for Boston, making it, erroneously, 5–0. An emissary jogs across the leftfield grass to advise of the mistake, and by the top of the next inning, the O's finally are credited with their run.

Some fans learn how to keep score this afternoon; if you already know how, you're enlisted to tutor. In the absence of the usual drumbeat of amplified information, people seem to pay closer attention to the action on the field. Not a hit or a good play is missed. Despite the cold, most of the crowd remains until the end of the well-played game, during which there have been not only no P.A. announcements or organ music, but also no larger-than-life instant replays or cheery greetings to visiting school and civic groups. All in all, a chilly early-season afternoon at the ball park to be cherished.

THEY SAID IT

• Pat Dye, Auburn's new football coach, making a pledge that some War Eagle fans might find unsettling "We are looking for people who want to play real bad."

• Stan Hochman, *Philadelphia Daily News* columnist, on hearing that North Carolina basketball player Mike Pepper had once been offered a half scholarship to Randolph-Macon College: "Does that mean that Randolph wanted him and Macon didn't?" **END**



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Sports Illustrated
APRIL 27, 1981

WINNING IS SUCH



A BORE

While Oakland was setting a record by opening the season with 11 straight victories, the relief pitchers were busy doing nothing

by **RON FIMRITE**

Oakland's pen pals Catcher Tim Hosley pitchers Bob Owchinko, Jeff Jones (obscured) Craig Minetto and Bo McLaughlin and Coach George Mitterwald



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDY HAYT



Kingman's first complete game was a big relief.

OAKLAND A's continued

Mike Norris, the Oakland A's normally effusive young pitcher, seemed peculiarly sullen for someone who had just beaten the power-packed California Angels 5–2 on four hits for his second successive complete-game victory of the new season. He grudgingly accepted congratulations from Manager Billy Martin and then brushed wordlessly past his teammates in headlong flight for the clubhouse. There, sitting glumly on a stool before his locker, he was approached by A's Pitching Coach Art Fowler, a portly, ruddy-faced man of 58 whose rural South Carolina homilies often serve to elevate sinking spirits. "Eight walks," Fowler said to Norris with an admonitory shake of the head. "Why, I never gave up eight walks in my whole career." Norris, who aspires to be baseball's best pitcher—if he isn't already just that—got the message in the exaggeration. He had won the game, but he had violated Martin's and Fowler's Don't Walk policy. The win seemed somehow tarnished by Norris' carelessness.

"I just blew up after the game," he said after regaining his composure. "I walked eight. That's not the mark of a great major league pitcher. I can't see walking eight people again the rest of my life. I was really embarrassed. Billy is such a perfectionist, it rubs off on you."

Something has certainly rubbed off on these A's. They opened by beating the Twins four straight in Bloomington, Minn. and then traveled to Southern California to win four from the Angels before returning undefeated to Oakland. There they blasted Seattle 16–1 last Friday, 8–0 on Saturday and 6–1 in the first game of a doubleheader on Sunday before losing 3–2 in the second. Their 11 consecutive wins were a modern record for the most at the start of a season, surpassing the 10 straight run up by the 1955 Dodgers, the 1962 Pirates and the 1966 Indians. A promising beginning, you might say, although only the Dodgers of the earlier streakers went on to win the pennant. The Pirates finished fourth and the Indians fifth.

By week's end, the A's had a team earned-run average of 1.42, and their five starters, all of them righthanders, had 10 complete games out of 12 played. Norris may have been embarrassed by his walks, but Brian Kingman was positively humiliated by becoming the only starter who failed to go the distance in Oakland's first 10 games. He lasted into the sixth inning of the fifth game before he was relieved by Bo McLaughlin, who presumably had to brush the sleep from his eyes en route to the mound. Kingman overcame his disgrace by shutting out the Mariners on six hits for the record-tying 10th straight win on Saturday. It was the third shutout in the streak, Matt Keough having beaten the Twins, 3–0, on six hits in the third game and Steve McCatty having defeated them 1–0 on only three hits the next day. No team had scored more than three runs off A's pitching in the first 12 games.

Last season, the A's staff set a 162-game season record by pitching 94 complete games. The same inexhaustible starters—in order of appearance, Norris, Rick Langford, Keough, McCatty and Kingman—are back, possibly to finish 100, although Martin and Fowler say they harbor no such ambitions. Martin, in fact, goes so far as to defend his bullpen, insisting that merely by trading perennial malcontent Bob Lacey he has improved it. But how will anyone ever find out?

Martin has uncommon faith in his fearless five. Last Wednesday, for example, Langford carried a two-run lead into the ninth inning against the Angels, but quickly got into trouble. With runners on first and second and two out, he was confronted by Shortstop Rick Burleson, who already had four hits. Martin came to the mound. The showers for Langford? Nonsense. "Burleson had been guessing with me the whole game," Langford said. "Billy and I just decided to change the pattern. We went with the sinker." Burleson grounded into a force to end the game, a complete game, naturally.

As the result of such stellar performances, the A's starting rotation is already being equated with the 1971 Orioles' 20-win foursome of Dave McNally, Mike Cuellar, Pat Dobson and Jim Palmer. Langford, who won 19 last year while completing 28 (22 in a row) of his 33 starts, believes that by using five starters the A's can do those Orioles one 20-game-winner better. That would compute to 100 wins—enough, it's assumed, to win the division championship, an achievement Martin and his

Norris plans to be one of the alltime greats



uppity youngsters consider inevitable.

Pitching just might accomplish it. All five starters are very good and improving, though it scarcely seems possible that Norris, the ace of the staff and the scourge of the league (3–0, 1.50), could get very much better. His fellow A's pitchers are frankly in awe of him. "Michael Norris is without a doubt the finest pitcher in baseball," says Keough. "The spin on his screwball is so tight, its motion so fast, that he's for all intents a lefthander throwing righthanded. The Bretts, the Carews are up there trying to hit his first and second pitch to save themselves the embarrassment of striking out. We all just sit around waiting for his no-hitter, wondering what 'God,' as we call him, will do tonight."

"I grew up in Los Angeles," says Kingman, "and I saw Nolan Ryan. And when I was a little kid I saw Sandy Koufax. They would just blow people away, but I wonder if anybody has made hitters look as bad as Michael has. He has guys missing the ball by two feet. He's our magic man."



Keough says the odd ball charges are all wet

Norris was 22–9 in 1980. His 2.53 ERA was second to Yankee Rudy May's 2.47, his 24 complete games second to Langford's 28, his 284⅓ innings pitched second to Langford's 290, and his 180 strikeouts second to Indian Len Barker's 187. He was the American League Gold Glove winner at his position. But he was unaccountably left off the All-Star team and he finished second in the Cy Young Award voting to Baltimore's Steve Stone because three of the 28 participating baseball writers left him off their ballots entirely. As incredible as their oversight may have been, Norris was only mildly miffed. "I even ate at Stone's restaurant [Steven] in Scottsdale [Arizona] during spring training," he says with a smile. "I'm just glad he wasn't in there."

There's very little that can shake Norris' irrepressible self-confidence, which, fortunately, is tempered with generosity. "I always credit Rick Langford with being the best *pitcher* on the team," he says. "I might be the most awesome and have the most devastating pitches, but he throws fewer pitches than I do. I tell you, though, you try to pull my screwball and I've got you. It drops and sinks and runs. I don't care if Babe Ruth is batting. I'll throw it."

Norris' screwball breaks in to right-handed hitters and away from left-handers, and he may throw it 50 or more times a game. When he set down the Twins 5–1 on Opening Day, his victims protested that the pitch they were missing was not necessarily what Norris said it was. "It's a known fact that Norris messes around with the ball," said Minnesota Manager Johnny Goryl. "The hitters said the ball was doing funny things." To which Norris replied, of course, "Lots of people confuse my screwball with a spitter. It might drop like one, but my pitch spins all the way into the glove. With a spitter, the rotation just stops." Apparently agreeing with his tormentor, Twins Shortstop Roy Smalley chided his teammates for indulging in sour grapes. "Norris simply has one of the great pitches in the league," he said. "It's one thing to have good stuff, but to have an unusual pitch—that's really a plus."

A deadly screwball isn't Norris' only pitch. His fastball, a 92 mph hummer he-

continued

Langford is not one to lose control of himself





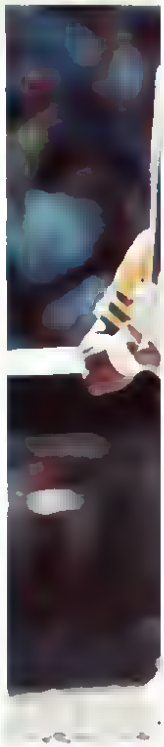
McCatty's sinker can drive the hitters McBatty



Rightfielder Armas six homers, 17 RBIs, 396 average



Centerfielder Murphy eight runs, seven RBIs and a 318 batting mark



OAKLAND A's *continued*

fore he hurt his arm in 1975, is still close to 90 mph, and Norris says of his curve, "It's darn good. A few people may have a better one, but I'm not very far down the list." With his effective changeup, Norris has four basic pitches that become eight with changes of speed. And he loves to pitch. "Other players say I'm cocky," he says, "but I'm just out there having fun." His sunny countenance would seem proof enough that Norris enjoys himself, sometimes at the expense of his teammates. He and McCatty are the prime arson suspects in a clubhouse full of hotfoot fetishists. Woe betide the unwary soul who walks into the A's den with shoelaces on his shoes, because in the time it takes to light a match they will be aflame. McCatty even ignited Martin's brogans one memorable night in the dugout. The manager retaliated by stealing into his pitcher's locker and cutting out the seat of his pants. Of such acts are champions made.

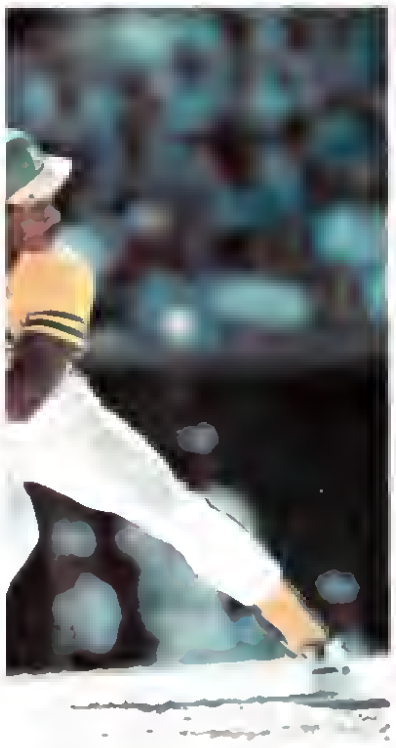
Playful as he is, Norris, at 26, isn't the hedonist he once was. "I was wild," he admits. "I couldn't wait to get off the field and have a good time. I was single [he still is] and I had a few bucks in my pocket. I was young, high-strung, overconfident and unappreciative of life. And I wondered why I wasn't pitching well. I've learned now that you can't expect to do two things well. It took 26 years, but I'm ready now to accept my responsibilities. I have a heart of gold, but before I was only concerned about me, me, me."

Norris was born and reared in San Francisco's tough, predominantly black Fillmore District. His father, who didn't live at home, was knifed to death when he was seven years old. But Norris says he doesn't feel he had a deprived childhood: "I didn't learn I was living in poverty until I got to high school."

As a senior at Balboa High in 1973, Norris was 7–0 in regular-season play and was drafted No. 1 by Charlie Finley, then the A's owner. Finley offered Norris the unprincely sum of $2,000 as a bonus for signing. Norris rejected the offer and entered City College of San Francisco. Finley upped the ante to $9,000, then to $20,000 and finally to $25,000 with $500 extra thrown in to buy clothes. Norris accepted, and within two years he was on the major league roster. He had his blazing fastball then and he threw it, he says, with mindless abandon. "I used to get off on how hard I could throw without taking into consideration what I was doing to my arm."

Norris made his big league debut on April 10, 1975, pitching a three-hit shutout against the White Sox. He allowed only one hit in seven innings against the Royals in his second start, but he didn't get past the first hitter in his next appearance. "I was throwing my fastball and my arm just blew up on me," he says. On April 30, Norris underwent surgery for the removal of calcium deposits in his elbow. For the next four years, he was a Finley nomad, commuting regularly between the minors and the majors. He won only 11 games for the A's in that time and was constantly at odds with his impatient owner, though battling the boss was common among the A's in those days.

Meanwhile, Norris' arm was growing stronger and he was learning to control both his pitches and his nocturnal urges. The sore arm, he says in retrospect, "was the best thing that ever happened to me. It put me on the road to resurrection. I learned not to give up." His patience was rewarded with last year's luminous season. This winter Norris lost a salary-arbitration hearing to the team's new owners, the Haases, proprietors of Levi Strauss & Co., but he got a raise, nevertheless, from $40,000 a year to $300,000. He cheerfully accepted this profitable loss—he had sought $450,000—reasoning that the difference between winning and losing in salary arbitration was the



Lefthelder Henderson 15 runs, 333 average

difference becoming very rich and just rich. He's now negotiating what he hopes will be a long-term contract.

Although Norris considers himself to be the A's biggest drawing card and relishes his newfound recognition, he accepts, with reservations, Martin's and the new owners' opposition to elevating any Oakland player to superstar status. "I'm not saying anything against Rick Langford or Matt Keough—they're great pitchers—but I filled the Coliseum last year against Tommy John." Still, he is an ardent booster of his fellow starters and he is devoted to Fowler. "All of us love him," Norris says. "I've never heard anything negative come out of him. And he's about the only man who can deal with Billy Martin. Their relationship is like a marriage built on mutual trust. They're phenomenal together. And we're not talking here about dummies, either. They've had success everywhere."

Martin and Fowler first met in the early 1960s, in, appropriately enough, a "little bar" both frequented in St. Paul, Minn. "We'd talk a lot about baseball," Fowler recalls. "Then he came over to manage Denver in '68 when I was a player-coach there. He told me that if he ever got a job managing in the big leagues, he'd send for me. When he moved up to Minnesota in '69, damned if he didn't call." He and Martin have been together ever since, except for a two-year period (August 1975 to August 1977) when the Yankees were reluctant to hire someone they felt was little more than a drinking buddy to Martin.

The coach can provoke laughter with his heavily accented Fowlerisms. "I don't know why you guys are afraid to throw strikes—Babe Ruth's been dead for nearly 40 years", "Don't feel bad, I walked a guy once", "You can't catch a walk." But the message is there: throw strikes. "We throw a lot of first-pitch strikes," says Keough. "Naturally, if you put the ball over the plate, you'll give up some home runs, but it's our thinking that a solo homer is a hell of a lot better than a three-run homer, which is what you're liable to give up if you walk people." As a matter of fact, the A's didn't allow a homer of any sort until the ninth game of the season, when Seattle's Dave Henderson hit one off McCatty in the second inning for the Mariners' only run.

Martin and Fowler are most agitated by suggestions that they are burning out the arms of their young pitchers, none of whom is more than 30, by allowing them to complete so many games. And yet none pitched more than 300 innings last year, and as Fowler reminds his critics, 300-inning seasons were not that uncommon a few years ago. Anyway, says Martin, "It's not the innings pitched that's important. It's the number of pitches thrown." The A's starters are limited to no more than 70 warmup pitches, whereas some pitchers will throw 100 or more, leaving their game, as Fowler says, "in the bullpen." With the emphasis on throwing strikes, not that many pitches are delivered in a game, either. Langford, the sinker-slider control artist, rarely makes more than 90, while Norris and Keough, the finesse pitchers, are in the 110 range. McCatty and Kingman, the power pitchers, will throw between 125 and 140, although McCatty in his first two starts needed only 91 and 116.

When the A's starters are spotting their pitches properly, they benefit also from a well-deployed defense. Scouting tells Martin where batters are likely to hit certain pitches. Martin has his pitchers put the ball to spots and positions his fielders accordingly. "It's no accident that so many line drives and ground balls are hit right at our guys," says Keough. "It's by design."

The A's superb outfield of Rickey Henderson in left, Dwayne Murphy in center and Tony Armas in right is invaluable to the Oakland starters, because with that trio at work the high fastball or slider isn't so risky. "I threw a high slider," says Fowler of his own pitching days with Cincinnati, the Angels and assorted other major and minor league teams. "With those guys out there, I'd have won 40 games," he says. In successive games last week, Murphy reached over the centerfield fence to take home runs away from the Angels' Bobby Grich and Tom Brunansky. For his part, Armas hit two game-winning homers against California and two more blasts in Friday night's rout of Seattle. At week's end he led the league with six home runs and 17 runs batted in. And he was batting .396 on a team that was hitting .264 overall.

The pitching rotation seems to work to the advantage of all five starters. Norris and Langford are low-ball pitchers, the others throw rising fastballs. "Michael and Rick will have hitters looking at their shoes," says Keough, "then we come in high." A's pitchers gain yet another edge, say their critics, by doctoring the ball, an accusation that causes the A's to react with the shock and disbelief of the innocent. Keough, who is most often charged with this evildoing, is the most vigorous defender of staff virtue. "It's just sour beans," he says, possibly coining a phrase. "My fastball, Norris' screwball, Langford's slider and McCatty's sinker are all spitters to some people."

The single word CELEBRATION appeared on the Oakland Coliseum message board before the A's home opener last Friday, and celebration is what it was as a record crowd of 50,255 watched the all-conquering heroes demolish the Mariners. It wasn't just a large aggregation. It was a happy, optimistic, grateful one. The A's had come home in more than a physical sense. They had found a home. The "New Oakland A's" they are now called. Finleyless and carefree, they have charged into an early lead, largely on the strength of five supple arms. Baseball observers were startled by this early rush. Can the A's be the real thing? "We're going to go down as one of the greatest teams of all time," says the modest Norris. "And I'm going to be one of the greatest pitchers." He might be at least half right. **END**



The Doctor rose to the occasion leading the 76ers in scoring in all but two games of the series

As someone in the minuscule crowd of—this isn't a typo—6,704 at the Spectrum remarked after Game 7 was over and Philadelphia had won its Eastern Conference semifinal playoff series against the Milwaukee Bucks with a 99–98 heart stopper, it's a shame you have to wade through an 82-game season before you get to something this good. You could even have thrown out the first four games of the series. Irrelevant. In a best-of-seven involving two quality teams, they almost always are tied 2–2 after four. Now you're talking about a miniseries, best two out of three. What are you made of? The 76ers *had* to win Game 5 last Wednesday in the Spectrum. So they did, convincingly, 116–99. Advantage Philadelphia. A break in Milwaukee Friday night and it's game, set and match. No way. Milwaukee won, convincingly, 109–86.

Game 7, Easter Sunday, was the magnificent effort that it was meant to be. The Doctor and Marques strutted their stuff, then stuffed some more—the other Sixers acknowledging Julius Erving's greatness by clearing out and letting him operate in splendid isolation; Milwaukee's Johnson relentlessly going through all five defenders, if necessary, to score.

No quarter was given anywhere else, either. Philadelphia, manhandled throughout the series, gave notice that things had changed when burly Forward Steve Mix nailed the Bucks' even burlier center, Bob Lanier, with a well-placed elbow. Lanier retaliated by jolting Mix in the jaw with a forearm shiver.

And after it was over, after four free throws and four rebounds by Caldwell

Julius Erving and Marques Johnson starred, but then along came Jones, Caldwell that is, to put Philly on top

by ANTHONY COTTON

IT WAS THE SIXERS IN SEVEN BY ONE

Jones in the final two minutes kept the Bucks at bay, after the 19 lead changes and 11 ties, after Milwaukee had battled back from a 16-point deficit and vainly positioned itself to win the seventh game of a playoff for the first time in four tries, then it still wasn't over. A review by league officials of the hectic final minute was necessary to confirm that the Sixers had endured and would face the Boston Celtics in what should be a slugfest of a conference final.

The evenness of the Philadelphia-Milwaukee series was evident from the outset. The two teams' numbers were almost interchangeable. Philly had tied Boston for the league's best regular-season record at 62–20, with the 60–22 Bucks third. The 76ers' 37–4 record at the Spectrum tied an NBA mark for wins at home. Milwaukee wasn't far behind at 34–7. On the road the Bucks' 26–15 record trailed only Boston's 27–14; Philadelphia was third at 25–16.

The two clubs have clearly the deepest benches in the game, and each has extraordinary players who were remarkably alike in effectiveness if not style: the two supreme forwards, Erving and Johnson; the league's best sixth men, the Bucks' Junior Bridgeman and the Sixers' Bobby Jones; and the behemoths in the middle, Lanier and Darryl Dawkins.

Small wonder that 76er Coach Billy Cunningham felt the series would be decided by "some little thing that wasn't really little." All the big things seemed to balance out. And despite the fact that the 76ers were in the NBA finals last season and the Bucks had never won a playoff that went more than five games, Milwaukee was conceding nothing. "This one's going to be a war, and we wouldn't want it any other way," said Bucks Co-captain Quinn Buckner. "A championship shouldn't be won easily. When you get to this point, everything should be a battle."

Outside the trenches, Cunningham and Milwaukee Coach Don Nelson were each looking for a wrinkle that would give his team an edge. Most of the actions were negated by counteractions. Philadelphia, for example, had only lim-

continued



With this shot, The Doctor dazed both Johnsons, drew a foul from Marques and got three points.

ited success using a 3–2 full-court zone trap, because the Bucks neutralized it by having lanky Forward Mickey Johnson bring the ball upcourt instead of the guards. As Cunningham said, "Besides, when all the strategy breaks down, you just play basketball."

Almost immediately it was apparent how the breaking down would happen. The Sixers, who usually run a blistering fast break, were content to slug it out with Milwaukee. They sent their two big men, Dawkins and Caldwell Jones, on a seek-and-destroy mission, beat up on the creaky 32-year-old Lanier and the frail Mickey Johnson, Milwaukee's "power" forward at 6′ 10″ and 190 pounds. For their part, the Bucks chose to up the tempo to the point of even forcing the break at times, in hopes of opening up the court. Said Nelson, "When the game becomes physical, it's to Philadelphia's advantage, because the Sixers are bigger and stronger than we are."

Milwaukee's decision to run surprised Cunningham. "That was a bit of a shock, because teams are usually hesitant to run with us," he said. Equally surprising to Cunningham, albeit pleasantly so, was the fact that the 76ers didn't *have* to run to be effective. "When a team makes the commitment to run, as we have, it usually won't be as good when it decides to slow down," he said, "but this series has shown us to be a better half-court team than anyone thought we were."

That wasn't evident during Game 1, however. Both the Bucks and Sixers played run and gun, producing one of the two games in which both teams scored more than 100 points, with Philadelphia prevailing 125–122 on two Erving free throws in the final minute of play. Although the Bucks outscored the Sixers from the field 48 field goals to 44, the 76ers shot 13 more free throws, making 12 of them. In the first three games of the series, in fact, the team with the most field goals *lost*.

In Game 2 Milwaukee made 20 more foul shots than the 76ers and won 109–99, the first road victory of the series. It was a triumphant evening for Milwaukee's fourth guard, Mike Evans, who was the first to receive the award for best performance by a No. 8 to No. 11 player in a supporting role. He burned the Sixers for 13 points in 18 minutes.

If any Sixer was glad to be going to Milwaukee for Games 3 and 4, it was Dawkins, who kept his jive talking to a minimum patter, a consequence of contending with Lanier as well as a public ready to vilify him for any 76er failures. "I'm just a target, I guess," he said. "I joke and jive a lot, and I think people pick up on that, so when I don't do well it's easy to pick me out and sting me."

In Games 1 and 2, Double D had averaged fewer than 10 points and four re-



Dawkins was in over his head against Lanier, who was trying to reach his first conferanca finals

bounds. For the series his numbers only increased to 11.4 and 5.4. Dawkins was also in foul trouble much of the time, putting more pressure on Caldwell Jones, who had the unenviable task of trying to shuttle between Marques Johnson and Lanier on defense, and on Cunningham, who had to adjust his substituting accordingly. Cunningham scoffed at the idea of benching Dawkins. "It's too late for that, and we're too far along," he said. "We need Darryl. You think about him being in the league six years and you tend to forget that he's only 24 years old, but Darryl knows we're all behind him."

Dawkins' supporters included people in faraway places. Before Game 3, he received an anonymous telegram from Wilmington, Del. bearing a somewhat enigmatic message: "What he thinks in his heart is what he is. Hit or miss you are the putdown." "I think it inspired me," said Dawkins after his 23 points—his best total, it would turn out, of the series—and six rebounds led Philadelphia to a 108–103 win.

. Perhaps it was the frustration of not seeing the ball often enough down the stretch in Game 3 that inspired Marques Johnson to have probably the best individual game of the playoff two days later, when the Bucks evened the series with a 109–98 victory. Beginning with perfect 7-for-7 shooting from the field in the first period and ending with his seventh offensive rebound and subsequent layup for points 34 and 35, Johnson was nothing short of spectacular.



Marques generally left everybody behind, but in Games 5 and 6 he was bothered by back spasms.

Even though Marques and The Doctor were rarely assigned at the same time to guard each other and both tried to deemphasize their ballyhooed matchup, one had to wonder what sort of payback Erving would have for Marques. Unfortunately, the Game 5 showdown didn't come off. At a Tuesday practice in Milwaukee, Johnson suffered a recurrence of the back spasms that have plagued him since college. "It's nothing new; it just happened at such a hell of a time," he said. "I kept telling everyone how cold the arena was, but I didn't think about putting my warmups back on."

Although Nelson attempted to nurse Marques through the game, Johnson was ineffective, scoring but nine points while the Bucks spent the evening trying to find their rhythm in a 116–99 loss. The Sixers, meanwhile, were getting outstanding performances from Mix, another of those Nos. 8 through 11 players, who scored 17 points in 17 minutes, and guards Maurice Cheeks and Lionel Hollins, who each had 20 points and combined for 17 assists. For Hollins, who had entered the game shooting a woeful 30%, his 8-for-11 night was a throwback to his 1976-77 championship days with Portland. "I'm not the shooter I used to be, but that's because I don't play the same offensive role I did in Portland," he said. "Maurice does most of the ball handling, so I set screens and take my shot when it comes."

After Marques' performance in Game 4 but before his injury, Cunningham had decided that Caldwell Jones would guard Johnson, full time if possible, freeing Erving to take charge on offense. Nelson's countermove was to keep Erving working on defense by putting the ball in the hands of Mickey Johnson, who would now be guarded by The Doctor. Mickey's 20 points and 13 rebounds in Game 5 didn't avert a loss, but he did give Erving something to think about, although Nelson afterward denied that the Bucks were specifically going after the Doc. "Mickey is an option in all our plays," Nelson said. "Tonight he just took his shot more."

In Game 6, Johnson, Mickey continued to take up the slack for Johnson, Marques, who went almost three quarters before his back loosened up. Mickey

continued



The 76ers' Cheeks came to grief at the hands of Moncrief on this breakaway dunk at the Spectrum Dawkins didn't jive, but he helped keep Philadelphia alive with a 23-point performance in Game 3



was 7 of 11 from the field and 8 of 11 from the line, and had a game-high 12 rebounds. In all, the Bucks outrebounded the Sixers 55–29 and evened the series for the third time. The ultimate compliment to Mickey's offensive talents came when Philly's defensive stopper, Bobby Jones, entered the game to guard him, not Marques.

Through the first six games, the self-assured Mickey Johnson may have gotten little of the attention reserved for Marques and Julius, but he was close to them in his level of play. In those games, he averaged 13.7 points, 7.3 rebounds and no complaints about being overlooked. "The attention given Marques has worked to my advantage," he said after Game 6. "Now, though, there's a little more pressure on Philadelphia to deal with me, which should take some of the heat off of Marques."

Mickey Johnson wouldn't be a factor in the deciding game, however: he picked up three fouls in the first seven minutes. In fact, he and Buckner—who suffered severe stomach cramps as well as three fouls in a 29-second span of the first quarter—went scoreless. "Losing Mickey so soon hurt because he'd been playing so well," Nelson said, "but it wasn't as if we didn't have someone to replace him." Indeed, Marques Johnson was himself again, playing the entire 48 minutes of the game and scoring 36 points, his personal high for the series. He got 12 of those in the first period as the teams played to a 28–28 tie.

But Erving, who would finish with 28 points, got 15 in that first period, many of them from one-on-one forays, which were conducted with Cunningham's hearty approval. "Why fool around?" he said. "We're going to go to Doc, anyway."

Until Guard Brian Winters canned a jump shot at 8:13 of the second period, all of Milwaukee's scoring had been done by Marques, Sidney Moncrief and Lanier, and a minute and a half later Lanier was almost ejected for his altercation with Mix. After the row, Philadelphia outscored the Bucks 20–10 en route to a 58–48 halftime lead.

Friday night the Bucks had overcome 37% first-half shooting to spurt ahead early in the third quarter. This time the Sixers held fast and gradually pushed

continued

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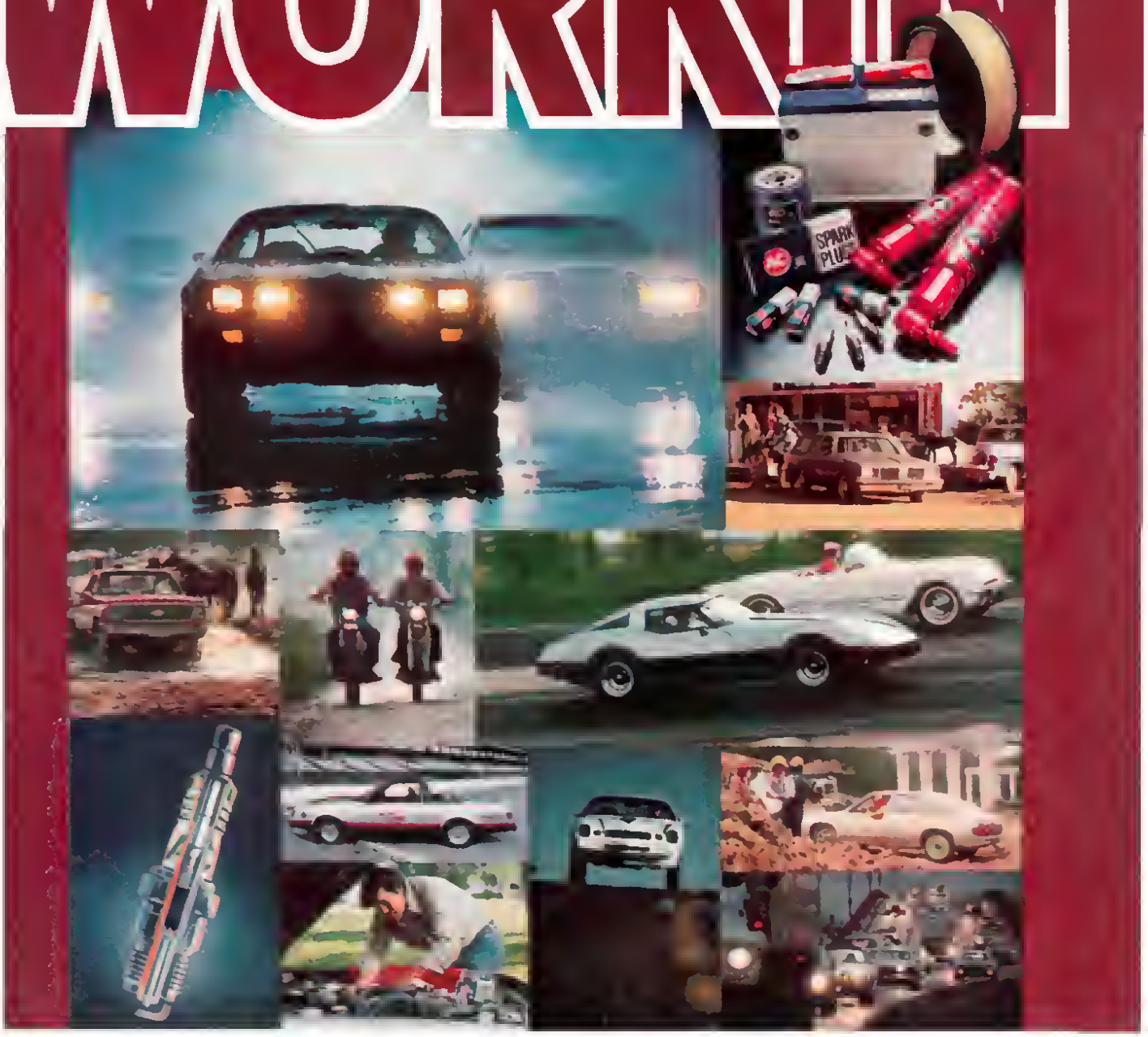
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their lead to 74–58. They seemed on the verge of running away with the game. But just as Milwaukee appeared to be losing its poise, the 76ers slowed down. Milwaukee went scoreless for almost three minutes, from 6:55 to 4:07 of the third period, but in that span Philly could only come up with a pair of layups by Cheeks.

As Cunningham had said earlier, "Teams with these kinds of records and these players don't fold." Given their reprieve, the Bucks went on a 22–5 spurt and took an 80–79 lead at 9:47 of the fourth quarter as the irrepressible Marques and Bridgeman, who had gone 0 for 6 in the first half, combined for 17 points. "We were attempting to do things all game," Nelson would say later. "But from that point everything just seemed to start working."

The teams exchanged the lead for more than three minutes before Erving hit two free throws, stole a pass and sank a jumper to put his team ahead 91–86.

Now it was Marques' turn. He scored five points as the Bucks drew to within a basket at 93–91. With 2.30 to play, Moncrief tried a layup, and Dawkins was called for goaltending when he pinned the ball between the rim and the glass. The score: 93–93. That set the stage for Jones' late-game heroics and the semi-protest by the Bucks.

After a Hollins jumper, Jones' first two free throws put Philly up 97–93. Marques quickly cut the margin to two at 1:06. Then, with 45 seconds to play, Jones rebounded a shot missed by Erving. Eighteen seconds later, after a Cheeks field-goal attempt was blocked by Lanier, Caldwell picked up the loose ball and put up a shot from the top of the key. It missed, barely ticking the rim, but it beat the 24-second shot clock. Dawkins tapped the offensive rebound back to Hollins, who passed the ball on to Jones, who was fouled with 14 seconds to play and made both free throws. That made the score 99–95. The Sixers had held on to the ball for an incredible—and later disputed—52 seconds. A three-point goal by Bridgeman was too little, too late.

But even an hour after the final buzzer there was still a chance that the game hadn't truly ended. An error on the official play-by-play summary indicated that Jones' shot from the top of the key had come more than 24 seconds after the Sixers' previous shot. That prompted a trip by Nelson, Buck Vice-President Wayne Embry and the two game officials to WCAU, CBS' Philadelphia affiliate, to review tapes of those final seconds and determine whether the 24-second clock should have expired before Jones was awarded the free throws that produced the game's winning points. After watching and timing a replay, a dejected Nelson accepted the loss as nobly as he possibly could. "I just had to see if there were any discrepancies," he said.

At the Spectrum, Caldwell Jones already knew what Nelson would find out. "I didn't know if we'd outrebounded them or not today, or in the series," he said, "but I knew that in those last two minutes we had to eat up some glass and get the ball. I tell you, I was just one happy guy to see that ball bouncing around out there."

After 82 regular-season and nine playoff games, so were his teammates. END





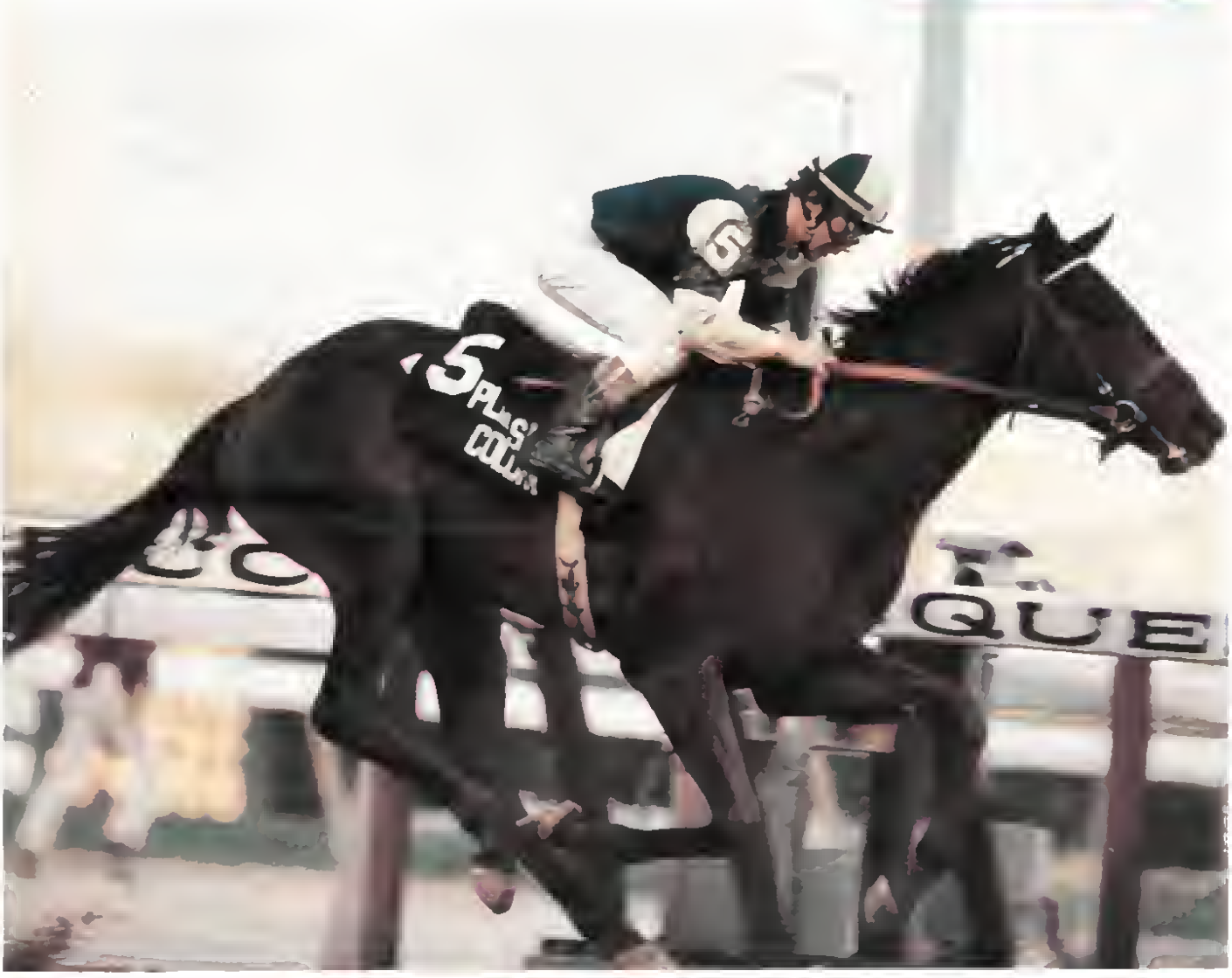
It's tough to keep up with the Joneses. Caldwell (above) off the boards and Bobby off the bench



THE SEASON TO BEAT JOLLEY?

Trainer LeRoy Jolley's Cure the Blues was the Kentucky Derby favorite until Pleasant Colony stormed past him in the Wood and opened up Churchill Downs to a cavalry charge of 3-year-olds

by WILLIAM LEGGETT





After Pleasant Colony, a 12–1 shot, surprised the crowd at Aqueduct by easily winning the Wood, Jolley (above) was left with some blues to cure

With one exception, the last 10 Kentucky Derbies have provided surprises, thrills, grist for good talk. Canonero II came out of Caracas, Venezuela in 1971 to start things off by winning at Churchill Downs without benefit of a previous race in the U.S. Triple Crown winners Secretariat, Seattle Slew and Affirmed took care of '73, '77 and '78 in spectacular fashion. Riva Ridge won in 1972 by an impressive 3¾ lengths. Then there were the "Pleasure Years" of 1975-76, with Foolish Pleasure winning and Honest Pleasure losing to Bold Forbes. Some people tended to confuse the Pleasures, but the difference between the two horses, once one got to know them, was that Foolish was honest and Honest was foolish. Spectacular Bid had the trumps in 1979, and last May a chestnut princess named Genuine Risk became the first filly to win the race in 65 years. The forgotten Derby of the decade was run in 1974, Cannonade's year. Now in 1981 it's instructive to recall 1974, because what happened then may well happen on May 2.

Cannonade and his 22 opponents were the largest Derby field in history. Why were there so many entries? Because it was the 100th Derby, and owners were doing everything but pulling horses off the front of wagons to get in the race. After the cavalry-charge start of '74, conditions for the Derby were changed. Now a maximum of 20 horses may start, and in light of what happened to Cure the Blues in last Saturday's 1⅛-mile Wood Memorial at Aqueduct, the sound off in the distance is that of thundering hoofbeats again. Cure the Blues wasn't just beaten in the Wood; he was humiliated. He lost to Pleasant Colony by eight lengths and Highland Blade by five, and over the last eighth of a mile Blues seemed to be looking around for a nice soft spot to sit down.

Cure the Blues had become the favorite for the Derby in recent weeks when Lord Avie, last season's 2-year-old champion, was injured. Cure the Blues had won all of his five starts as a 2-year-old by a remarkable average of 7½ lengths. Those races, however, had been in Maryland, and only his victory in the Laurel Futurity was over top company.

This spring Blues was slow getting to the races because of problems with his shoes. In late March he beat a mediocre field at Hialeah and then came to New York for his first major test, the Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct. Cure the Blues ran a marvelous race, battling head-to-head with Proud Appeal in a scorching mile run in 1:33⅗. Blues gave Proud Appeal three pounds and lost by a desperate nose. Virtually everyone thought the Gotham would set Cure the Blues up perfectly for the Wood Memorial.

Blues trained and ate well, everything seemed to be going perfectly, and the opposition in the Wood didn't seem particularly strong. Unless one listened to The Fat Man. The Fat Man is Johnny Campo, the 43-year-old trainer of Pleas-

continued

ant Colony. He packs 250 pounds on a 5' 7" frame and he even calls himself The Fat Man. Early last week Campo said, "The Fat Man will win the Wood Memorial. You can go to sleep on it. Pleasant Colony has worked up to the race perfectly. Bet your money."

Campo did. Obviously not too many joined him, because the colt went off at 12–1. When Pleasant Colony reached the finish line, Campo punched the air with his fist and hollered, "The Fat Man knew it! There was only one good horse in the race and Campo had him. Pleasant Colony will be the favorite for the Kentucky Derby. He won the Wood easin' up."

Cure the Blues not only lost the race badly, but he also acquired several good-sized gashes in his left hock. Chances are he struck himself while bending into the first turn. Owner Bert Firestone and trainer Leroy Jolley were at Blues' stall early the following morning examining the cuts. These two have been down that road toward Louisville often together and understand far better than most the vagaries of racing. Firestone took a good look at the cuts and said, "A couple are almost down to the bone, like they were made by the kind of cleaver you use to cut Swiss steak. I've seen every race Blues has run, and nearly every one of his workouts, and I think you have to throw this race out. I hope the cuts can be cured in time for the Derby."

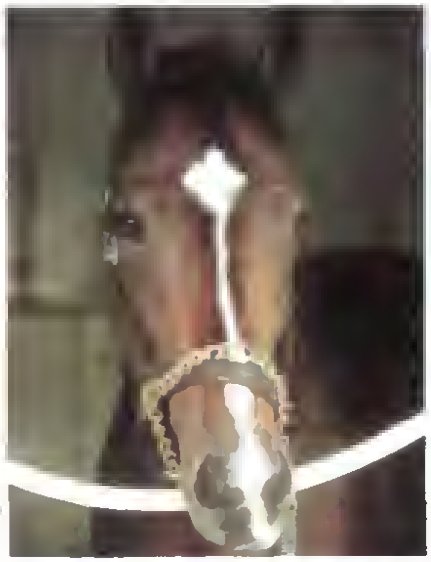
Said Jolley: "He didn't live up to his expectations. He gave up very quickly, which isn't typical of him at all. Getting cut would be like a golfer walking down a fairway and hitting himself inadvertently with a club. It stings."

Plans for Cure the Blues still call for him to be shipped to Kentucky in the hope that the cuts will mend. The defeat in the Wood probably will cost him his role as favorite at Churchill Downs, but if he's not the favorite, who is?

According to the new rule, the 20 horses that may start the Derby must be the top money-earners among the record 432 nominated in February whose owners are still willing to send them to the post. At the head of the earnings list is Bold Ego, who has amassed $382,676 by winning 10 of 13 races, many of them in the Southwest last year, where he won at Sunland Park, Albuquerque and Ruidoso Downs. Bold Ego is a New Mexico-bred colt who this spring won the Rebel Handicap and Arkansas Derby. No New Mexico bred has ever been a Kentucky Derby champion, nor, for that matter, has an Arkansas Derby winner, but the winner of last year's Rebel and Arkansas Derby was Temperence Hill, who beat Genuine Risk and Codex in the Belmont Stakes and paid a whopping $108.80 for a $2 win bet. Bold Ego likes to run on the lead, and can relax while doing so. Unless those cuts were the real reason for Cure the Blues' defeat, that's a vital quality that Blues failed to exhibit in the Wood.



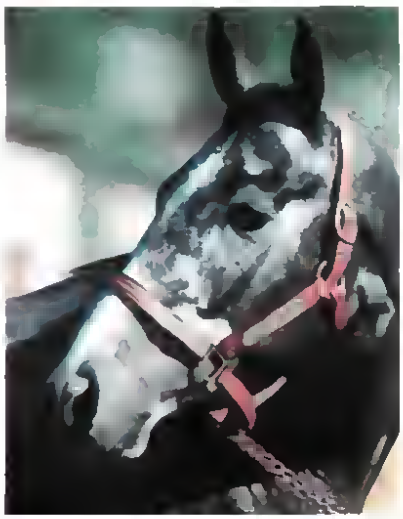
Cure the Blues needed a fast cure for some cuts



With a five-of-12 record, Always A Cinch isn't always.



Proud Appeal nosed out Blues in the Gotham. Someone owns Johnlee in Harold (below), but who?



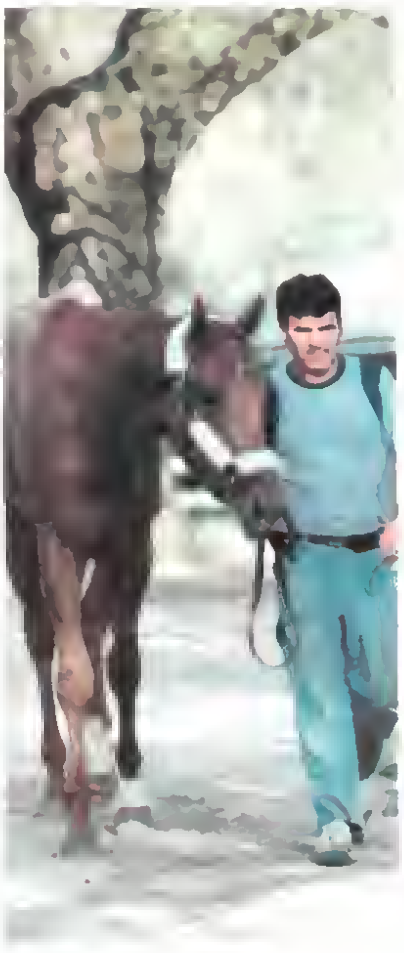


A laid back California type Flying Nashua may have to win more bread to make it to the Derby

able to get in because they don't have the earnings. Actually, the situation has been confusing for quite a while."

To say the least. Probably never in the history of classic racing have so many changes been made among owners, trainers and jockeys. Consider Tap Shoes, the third-highest earner ($307,676) on the eligible list. He's certain to be one of the Derby favorites if he runs well in either the Blue Grass Stakes or the Stepping Stone this week. Last year Trainer Howie Tesher brought Tap Shoes along to the point where he was considered one of the top three youngsters in the country—along with Lord Avie and Cure the Blues. Then one morning Tesher picked up the *Daily Racing Form* and found out he was no longer Tap Shoes' trainer (see *box*, *page 36*).

Campo took over the training of Pleasant Colony only 30 days before the Wood, and in his last two races Pleasant Colony had been ridden by Vince Brac-



Tap Shoes was once "a horse nobody wanted"



The richest Derby contender is Bold Ego, a New Mexico colt who won most of his wealth in the Sun Belt

Second on the money list ($367,192) is Well Decorated, trained by Eugene Jacobs. Early in the morning after the Wood, Jacobs was in the clocker's shed at Belmont Park wearing a look of consternation. "I really don't know quite what anybody can make out of this year's Derby," he said. "My horse is doing just fine and will run in the Blue Grass. But that race yesterday will cause many others to take a shot. There are a lot of horses based in Kentucky who now might want to run in the Derby but won't be

ciale Jr. and Jeff Fell. Fell has been the jockey on Proud Appeal in seven of his eight races (six wins), and Proud Appeal's earnings are in comfortable shape ($221,417). The Gotham winner could be one of the legitimate favorites for the Derby.

That, however, may not be in the horse's favor. Within recent years a myth has evolved about Derby favorites. The race is now a huge television vehicle, and it has become fashionable to focus on one horse in the East and one in the West, building around those two so *continued*

that when they meet the confrontation has been hyped to the level of *When Worlds Collide*. You may have gotten the impression that the really big favorite always emerges from the collision. The truth of the matter is that at any racetrack over the course of a normal meeting, favorites lose 66% of the time. In the last 30 years only 10 Derby favorites have won; 66% have lost.

But this year was supposed to be different in one major regard: all the "best" 3-year-olds were supposedly in the East, while the West had only "manes and tails." Instead of having just a couple of horses in this Derby, as some think they should have, Californians could have as many as six starters. Four of them run far off the pace and might just overtake a recent trend. In the last 17 Derbies the eventual winner was either first or second at the top of the stretch.

Flying Nashua has been the most publicized of the four Californians that like life in the slow lane. He does have a fine late wallop, but has run only four races and is still as green as a pool table. Unless he does well in Saturday's Stepping Stone, he might also have a slight problem with his earnings—now $79,250, a figure that placed him 22nd among the possible Derby starters at week's end.

Outside northern California and the state of Washington little attention has been paid Always A Cinch, because until recently he rarely was. But he's one of eight hopefuls with earnings in excess of $200,000. His biggest win was by 12 lengths over Hoedown's Day in the $150,000 California Derby on March 7.

And then there's the peculiar case of Johnlee n' Harold. That colt has earned $157,200 and has been the most consistent of the California-based Derby possibles. He is owned by a man named



Yearling groupies mob singer-breeder Hancock during an appearance at Stone Farm

SWEET BLUEGRASS SOUNDS

This year the Kentucky Derby will have its own song-and-dance team. The hoofing will be done by the appropriately named Tap Shoes, winner of the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah. The singing will be done by one of the colt's owners, Arthur B. Hancock III. When he's not tending to his breeding farm near Paris, Ky., Hancock dabbles in country music. In fact, he is almost as excited about his first record album, to be released in June, as he is about Tap Shoes' chances of winning the Derby.

The name of the album, which was recorded at the Sound Emporium in Nashville, is *A Horse of a Different Color*, and Tap Shoes will be featured on the cover. Not that the album's 10 songs, all written and sung by Hancock, have anything to do with horses. They're mostly good ol' cheatin', drinkin', and lovin' songs with titles like *Divorcee after Dawn* and *If It's All the Same to You, I'll Be Leaving in the Morning*.

Hancock, 38, is from one of the oldest and wealthiest of the Bluegrass blueblood families. His father, the late A.B. (Bull) Hancock Jr., is remembered as perhaps the most influential breeder of all time. The elder Hancock acquired the splendid imported sires

Michael Blake, or another named Harold Smith, a/k/a Ross Fields, or perhaps The Tooth Fairy. Johnlee n' Harold won the California Breeders' Champion Stakes and the San Rafael. Some California officials believe Johnlee n' Harold shouldn't have been allowed to run in California because of his questionable ownership. But the California Horse Racing Board said the opposite. On Monday, Kentucky officials voted that the horse couldn't race in that state, although an appeal could conceivably overturn the decision. Last week the colt's trainer, Hal King, had said, "Johnlee n' Harold is a survivor. He'll get by." We'll see.

The two most recent pre-Churchill Downs Derbies were the Santa Anita and the Illinois. The Santa Anita was won by Splendid Spruce, a horse that until the Santa Anita, hadn't won a stakes in his two-year career. But the $180,600 he earned by beating a field of 12 other starters sent him on his way to Louisville in a hurry.

Not long after Pleasant Colony won last Saturday's Wood, the $155,500 Illinois Derby at Sportsman's Park produced the perfect mob scene for a Kentucky Derby year such as this. On Thursday, 21 horses were entered in the Illinois Derby, but only the top 13 money-earners were permitted to start because 21 horses couldn't get around the small track. Paristo came off the pace to win by half a length. Bless Paristo, for of the eight Derbies held around the country leading up to the big one, he's the only horse to have won two. (He previously had won the Tampa Bay.) Paristo has one slight problem. He wasn't one of the 432 horses nominated to run at Churchill Downs.

To me, what it all comes down to is this: Cure the Blues or clear the air. END

Princequillo and Nasrullah, and at the time of his death Claiborne Farm was the home of the great stallions Buckpasser, Herbager, Nijinski II and Round Table.

Arthur's love of horses came from his father, his love of music from his mother's side of the family. As a youngster, he often spent summers in Nashville with his maternal grandmother, who took him to see Hank Williams at the Grand Ole Opry.

"Williams was unbelievable," says Hancock. "I remember we sat next to three young girls who cried the entire day. When I heard he died [in a car accident], *I* cried all day."

Arthur attended Vanderbilt University, in Nashville, to be near the pickers and singers. In Nashville, too, he met an aspiring musician named Kris Kristofferson. Like Kristofferson, he began to write country songs.

In 1968 Hancock wrote and recorded a number called *What of Tomorrow?* which reached No. 1 briefly in Minneapolis–St. Paul and Greenville, S.C. The record sold about 15,000 copies, and Hancock appeared on television with Bobbie Gentry.

"By then I'd also gone to work for Daddy on the racetrack," Hancock says. "I knew that to make it in music, I'd have to give up the farm. On the other hand, I could still work on the farm and write music whenever I felt like it. So I chose the life of the horse business and farming."

As a college student, Arthur was known to have a taste for fast cars, pretty women and good times. His interest in country music added to his reputation as the maverick of the Hancock clan, and it came as no surprise that, a few months after his father's death, in 1972, Arthur left Claiborne and struck out on his own. Under the terms of the will, Claiborne was to be run by executors under the guidance of a panel of advisers. That was too confining for Arthur, who likes to do things his own way.

Hancock started with 100 leased acres and a few broodmares. Today his Stone Farm, which is just down the road from Claiborne, covers 2,500 acres and is the home of 10 stallions, including Cougar II, Hawaiian Sound and 1976 Kentucky Derby winner Bold Forbes.

In the mid-'70s, Hancock met a wealthy real-estate man named Leone J. Peters, and in the spring of 1977, Hancock and Peters struck the deal that produced Tap Shoes. Peters had a mare named Bold Ballet that he wanted to breed to a top Kentucky stallion. Hancock happened to own a breeding right to 1972 Derby winner Riva Ridge, standing at Claiborne, whose stud fee was then worth about $30,000.

"I told him I'd board the mare for free and put up the season to Riva Ridge for half the foal," says Hancock. "I told him I'd also board the mare and foal until we could sell him at the Keeneland summer sale."

At the moment it seemed to be a promising arrangement. However, between the time Bold Ballet was bred to Riva Ridge and the time Tap Shoes was to be sold, Riva Ridge's stock as a sire dropped. To recoup the $50,000 he had invested in the colt, Hancock would have to sell him for $100,000.

To Hancock's dismay, the top bid for Tap Shoes was only $35,000. The buyers didn't particularly like the colt's breeding or conformation. Hancock chose to buy him back. "I felt pretty low," he says. He may have felt even worse because trainer Roger Laurin, son of Lucien Laurin of Secretariat fame, had earlier expressed the opinion that the colt had no future. "He was the horse nobody wanted," says Hancock. However, though retired from active training, Lucien Laurin took Tap Shoes himself for the winter in South Carolina. Hancock was elated when Laurin reported, "This colt can fly."

When Lucien decided to remain in retirement, Peters talked his friend Howie Tesher into training Tap Shoes. The colt won his first start last summer by six lengths, then got beat in a stakes in New England. After another loss, at Saratoga, a defeat mainly attributable to his acting up behind the starting gate, Tap Shoes won three straight and was the favorite for the Eclipse Award as the best 2-year-old colt going into last year's Champagne Stakes.

But Tap Shoes developed a skin rash and struggled home a distant sixth behind Lord Avie. It was decided to ship him to Stone Farm to rest before this year's Florida campaign. "People around the track told me not to send him to the farm," Tesher said. "They told me I'd never get him back."

Sure enough, Tesher began to get vibrations that Hancock wanted to make a change, so he wasn't surprised to read in the *Daily Racing Form* that he had been replaced by 80-year-old Horatio Luro, the trainer of two Derby winners, Decidedly in 1962, Northern Dancer in '64. Hancock says he wasn't unhappy with Tesher, but wanted to take advantage of Luro's Derby experience. Besides, he and Peters had sold 25% of the colt to Luro's wife and Hancock's mother.

While Tap Shoes was tuning up, Hancock was busy on his album. Although he paid for the costs out of his own pocket, Hancock believes the album is more than just a vanity production. If it earns a fraction of what Tap Shoes has—$307,676 so far—Hancock will be delighted. However, there is no chance that he will sell Stone Farm, pack up his guitar and head for a new career in Opryland.

"Making an album is a life's dream—something I've always wanted to do," Hancock says. "I love country music very much. But, you know, I'd rather breed a horse that wins the Kentucky Derby than write five hit songs—and that's the damned truth."

—WILLIAM F. REED

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Lomax will be poised by the phone in Lake Oswego, Ore. hoping to be the choice of a Coast team.

THIS PHONE WILL RING ON APR. 28

Record-setter Neil Lomax will be one of the top two quarterbacks picked in next week's NFL draft

by ***KENNY MOORE***

MILLER

Neil Lomax carries his right shoulder lower than his left as he moves through the crowd, stepping lightly around large pots of congratulatory plants, breathing in a piercing aroma of brand-new nylon carpeting. He has on a white knit shirt emblazoned with EAST-WEST SHRINE CLASSIC, and so remains brightly visible among the beige double-knits and dark cotton prints of the congregation blocking the path to the punch and cookies. Lomax is 6'–3", weighs a well-muscled 212 pounds and has blue eyes and a craggy red face that cannot be called classically handsome, but has lately proved to be memorable, certainly around Portland, Ore., where he has spent the whole of his 22 years. Now Lomax is about to become a notable to a nation of pro football fans. Despite playing at little-known Portland State University, he is rated by NFL scouts as

continued

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INFLATION. TOGETHER, WE CAN SELF-CONTROL IT.

one of the two best senior quarterbacks in college, along with the University of California's more heralded Rich Campbell. Both are expected to be snapped up by pro clubs in the first round of next week's NFL draft.

On this day, however, Lomax has contracted, for a small fee, to spend two hours as an added attraction to the microwave oven to be won in a drawing, helping to fill the lobby for the grand opening of a new bank on the fringe of Portland. He is good at it, although his present method of winning favor consists of simply answering questions.

"I won't get Dallas, I don't think," he says. "Green Bay and Denver have called a lot. I'm hoping for somewhere on the Coast, but it might be St. Louis or New York." His blond lashes drop a little with conviction when he says, "I'm just looking for the opportunity to play until I can't play anymore."

Lomax is the most staggeringly prolific quarterback in college history. In four seasons at Portland State, operating out of Coach Mouse Davis' double-slot "Run-and-Shoot" offense, he threw 1,606 passes and completed 938 for 13,220 yards and 106 touchdowns. All are NCAA all-division records. Now he awaits the April 28-29 draft, working away at completing his degree in communications and contemplating a new life that will be founded on an old determination, as he puts it, "to be a good Christian example."

If Lomax is chosen in the first round, his eventual contract will have a value of perhaps $1 million over five years. Thus, when a pair of bank officers take him into an adjoining conference room, one imagines they already consider him a terrific example—of someone to buy stock in their bank. And he has come here in part because he has heard that this venture, Stewardship Bank of Oregon, is a "Christian Bank," pledged to donate 10% of its profits to Christian education and missions.

Lynn Wallace Jr., an affable, energetic bank director, confirms this and asserts to Lomax that the organization is altruistic in the extreme, saying, "None of our directors see it as a means to personal gain but as a tool to further the Kingdom of Christ." He adds the arresting statement: "The key to ownership [of bank stock] is whether or not you profess Christ as your Savior," and points out such an oath of belief in the agreement of purchase.

Lomax takes all this in solemnly, without any rush to buy. He is called away to draw some prize-winning names in the lottery for the microwave and $500 cash. The money-winner is a shocked 15-year-old girl, who seems to experience a seizure of expanding dreams. "Is that . . . enough for a *car*?" she says as her parents rush to talk some sense into her.

Lomax watches intently, as the scene seems to capture in microcosm something of his next few months. Outside in the parking lot, his duty done, he says, "Making public appearances is new to me. I enjoy meeting the people, coming to know the businessmen who might help me later, and the Christian fellowship. Sure, there are people out for the buck only, but there are also the committed, helping people. I've somehow got to learn how to tell them apart."

And what does he make of this bank, with its requirement of a specific belief in order to own stock? Does it not seem unnecessarily exclusionary? Lomax says he doesn't know about that, but he is conscious that there is a good reason why "holier than thou" is a pejorative expression in our society.

"Sometimes I worry about being perceived as the big scholar-athlete-Christian hero," he says. "The press can make me sound like the greatest thing to hit Portland since Henry Weinhard's [a local beer]. People have to come to religious things on their own. Right now, I'd rather stick a football into somebody's gut than a Bible."



Carol, friend Janet Musgrove, Neil, Dave, Valorie and Terry Lomax surround the endangered Fifi

The Lomax house in Lake Oswego, a woodsy Portland bedroom community, is surrounded by blue drifts of grape hyacinth. Pink camellias shed thick mounds of blooms into the pachysandra, as they have done every spring for the 19 years the family has lived here. Just now all the Lomaxes but one are gathered in the living room, awaiting the telecast of a Trail Blazers playoff game.

Dave Lomax, Neil's father, is a calm, thick-waisted man who teaches music in the Portland public schools. Neil's mother, Carol, is an administrative secretary with the Lake Oswego schools. She was a fine swimmer for the Multnomah Athletic Club. "I wanted Neil to be a swimmer," she says, describing the natural efficiency of his childhood stroke, "and when he was six years old he broke Don Schollander's park pool record in a 25-yard race. Don himself was there to give him his ribbon."

"He shook my hand," says Neil, "and that was my last taste of the lake."

"Neil saw that swimmers had to get

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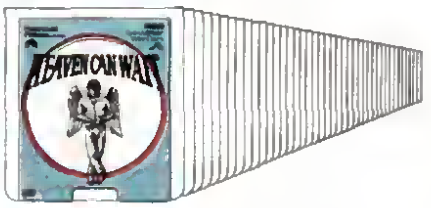
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up at six to work out before school," says Dave, "and he said, 'No way.' "

"I was always a fairly good size as a kid, and played little league football and baseball, and basketball in school," says Neil, whose father coached him in baseball and eventually became president of the Lake Grove Little League. "But my freshman year at Lake Oswego High, I was too slow to be a running back and too small for the line positions." So the coaches asked him a fateful question: "Can you throw the ball?"

"I did well enough to start on the freshman team, then made jayvee as a soph and quarterbacked the varsity my last two years," Neil says. But in high school Lomax' light was hidden under a bushel known as the Power I. "We ran the ball a lot. My whole senior year I only threw for seven touchdowns." He looks at his knuckles, humility struggling against the urge to report more recent statistics. "This year I threw seven in one quarter," he adds.

Baseball was Lomax' favorite sport in high school. He pitched and played first and batted .350 for three years. "I had higher aspirations for baseball in college than for football," he says. But in the winter of his senior year, 1977, he came to feel the attraction of Darrel (Mouse) Davis. Then the head Portland State football coach and now an assistant at Cal, Davis is a small man with a voice like the middle register of a chain saw. His diligent wooing, combined with the absence of anyone else's, persuaded Lomax to sign with PSU, a Division I-AA school with a shoestring athletic budget.

"I have absolutely no regrets," says Lomax. "I have a solid education in speech and journalism. I'll be shy nine hours after this spring because I've dropped a couple of classes to travel to NFL physical exams, but I'll get that degree if it's the last thing I do."

Lomax began at PSU as a freshman fifth-string quarterback. By the eighth game he had worked up to second, and then the starter was hurt. "Someone's broken leg here, someone else's mistake there," says Dave, "and all of a sudden he was playing. It came so suddenly."

And once Lomax was playing, success came like an avalanche. In his last four games of that first season, he threw for 1,411 yards and 16 touchdowns. "I was astounded at myself," he says. "I mean, I knew I could *compete*. I always felt I could strike out a guy or complete a pass. I always wanted to be the dominant, the take-charge kind of guy. . . ." But even in his wildest dreams the 18-year-old freshman never imagined the sort of game he would have in the season finale against Montana State, completing 41 of 59 passes for 469 yards and six touchdowns.

By then Lomax had begun making a very definite commitment to religion. His older brother, Mitch, now 23 and attending Trinity Seminary in Deerfield, Ill., had gone to a Young Life retreat at a camp in Canada. "He came back and said that he had accepted Christ in his life," Neil says. "I was skeptical, but there was such a change in him, nothing dramatic but obviously real, that I went up there to investigate. I eventually turned myself around." He goes on to say that his 20-year-old brother, Terry, and 18-year-old sister, Valorie, were then drawn to greater involvement in the nearby Mountain Park Church. "God's will started in the kids, and now it's working through our parents," says Neil.

"It hasn't really taken hold in Dad yet," says Dave lightly. "He's still mired in evil."

"Neil has always been a good kid," says Carol, perhaps to head off the inference that a conversion was all that kept him from a life of crime. "No discipline or academic problems."

One senses that for Lomax the appeal of fundamentalist, born-again Christianity is that it seems a natural extension of the athlete's systematic training to improve, to go from quickening one's dropback to strengthening one's character. Perhaps Lomax finds in the church the moral counterpart to watching films with Mouse's instruction rasping in his ear, conditioning him for future moves.

Aside from some bruised ribs as a sophomore and a turned ankle as a junior, Lomax sustained no football injuries in his final three years at Portland State. He started every game except one, and his completion percentage went up (to .626 in 1980), his interceptions went down (from 22 in 1978 to 12 last year) and his yardage grew (to 4,094 his senior season). In fact, his concerns began to include that strangest of athletic dilemmas, what to do if you're too good.



Mouse—the coach not the mascot—made Lomax a film freak

In October, PSU beat Cal Poly Pomona 93–7, and Pomona's coach, the redoubtable Roman Gabriel, gave voice to understandable thoughts about pouring it on. Yet Lomax had played less than a half in throwing for three touchdowns and 339 yards. Two weeks later, in the first quarter against Delaware State, "We were hot and they weren't prepared," says Lomax. Seven passes, seven touchdowns. The final score: 105–0.

"Afterward do you feel sorry for the team you beat?" he asks. "Our job was to execute [a singularly appropriate word under the circumstances]. We were pleased to be doing our jobs. But later it seemed a joke. It hurt both teams. It was hard to take questions like 'What were they, a school for the blind?' "

It seemed to Lomax that the mismatch demeaned his personal approach to sport. "Every play I go all out to execute the best I can. That's what good players

continued

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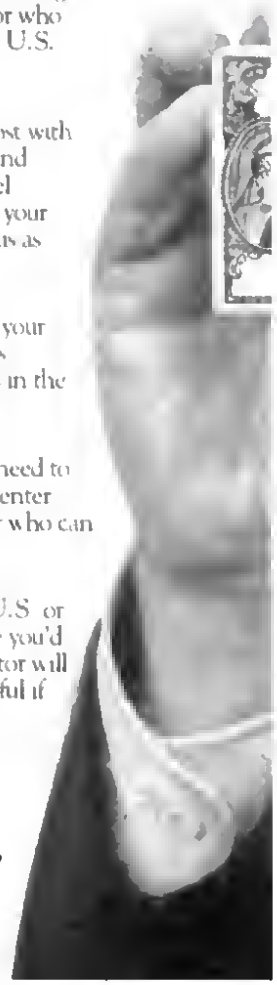
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do." And yet the final result was cruel.

"I'm sure," he says, "it's not a problem I'll ever face again, not in the NFL."

Neil goes to shower before a date, and the family turns to the Blazer game, but lingers on the subject of his blessings. "He's a lucky sort of guy," says Carol with a sort of parental *mystification* "Talent, but also an uncanny history of being in the right place at the right time The other day a stewardess said to him, 'Uh, we're sold out of coach seats. Do you mind sitting in first class?' "

All the Lomax children are lean and lanky, except the quarterback. Terry, a theater arts student and mime, is persuaded to bring in a huge mouse head. For two years he has been the antic mascot at PSU football games. No matter that Portland State's nickname is the Vikings, the revered ex-coach's persona seemed the more powerful. "If they called him Lizard Davis, I'd have been out here in a lizard suit," says Terry, who proved so popular that he's probably going to return, still as a mouse, even though Davis has gone to Cal.

Valorie, a senior at Lake Oswego High, says that Johnny's Oldtown Deli named a sandwich after Neil "Turkey, ham and cheese," she says. "Cheese for Mouse. The other two are self-explanatory Then they retired his number."

"The school did?"

"No, the deli. As in, 'Take a number and wait your turn.' *continued*

DR. Z GOES ON A PICKING SPREE

Paul Zimmerman makes his annual predictions on the NFL draft. This year Zim finds most of the trade talk centered around deals for the first and third choices in the opening round

1.	NEW ORLEANS	George Rogers, FB, *South Carolina*	*Possibly could trade the pick for vets, not drafts.*
2.	N.Y. GIANTS	Lawrence Taylor, LB, *North Carolina*	*They figure to go running back on the second round.*
3.	LOS ANGELES	Freeman McNeil, HB. *UCLA*	*L.A. can upgrade from 20 to 9 to 3 because it has a million extra picks, more if it deals LB Bob Brudzinski to the Bills for a No. 2-plus. If Jet deal falls through, Jets draft McNeil.*
4.	SEATTLE	Hugh Green, LB, *Pittsburgh*	*Defense first, then running back in the second round.*
5.	ST LOUIS	Ronnie Lott, S-CB, *USC*	*Rich Campbell, QB, a possibility. Ditto T Keith Van Horne.*
6.	GREEN BAY	Keith Van Horne, T, *USC*	*No QB this time Bart Starr's contract runs one more year*
7.	TAMPA BAY	Rich Campbell, QB, *California*	*A surprise. They might have taken Van Horne, if available*
8.	SAN FRANCISCO	Ken Easley, S. *UCLA*	*FB Randy McMillan is tempting, but defense the No. 1 need.*
9.	N.Y. JETS (from L. A.)	Randy McMillan, FB. *Pittsburgh*	*If Rams' deal falls through, L.A. will go for McMillan, or possibly QB Neil Lomax, if Ferragamo is serious about Canada.*
10.	CINCINNATI	E.J. Junior, LB, *Alabama*	*If he's gone, they'll go for WR David Verser*
11.	CHICAGO	Brian Holloway, T, *Stanford*	*If he 's still available, they'll take McMillan.*
12.	BALTIMORE	Donnell Thompson, DT, *N. Carolina*	*McMillan, Holloway and Thompson are their Big Three.*
13.	MIAMI	Mel Owens, LB, *Michigan*	*Wanted McMillan Will go for big back with second pick*
14.	KANSAS CITY	David Verser, WR, *Kansas*	*Offense in desperate shape. Holloway the pick, if there.*
15.	DENVER	Willie Scott, TE, *South Carolina*	*Riley Odoms is 31 and banged up, but they could go for a WR.*
16.	DETROIT	Robin Sendlein, LB, *Texas*	*Big debate here. Could go for a defensive lineman instead.*
17.	PITTSBURGH	Keith Gary, DT, *Oklahoma*	*Must get inside pass rush Gary a late bloomer.*
18.	MINNESOTA	Mark May, T, *Pittsburgh*	*Big back the primary need, but will wait till second round*
19.	NEW ENGLAND	Neil Lomax, QB, *Portland State*	*A crowd at the position, but Steve Grogan's knees are shaky.*
20.	WASHINGTON (from L.A.)	Joe Delaney, HB. *NW (La.) State*	*A scooter. The Joe Cribbs of the 1981 draft Might go for defensive lineman if Gary or Thompson available*
21.	OAKLAND (from Houston)	Leonard Mitchell, DE, *Houston*	*Scouts love his potential, worry about so-so attitude Raiders love those sleeping giants (6' 7", 270)*
22.	CLEVELAND	Hanford Dixon, CB, *Southern Miss.*	*The only pure CB among the top-rated defensive backs.*
23.	BUFFALO	Ted Watts, CB-S, *Texas Tech*	*A swing man who can fill in any place. Big back needed, too*
24.	SAN DIEGO	Dennis Smith, CB-S, *USC*	*Big and rough. An enforcer in the secondary.*
25.	ATLANTA	John Harty, DT, *Iowa*	*Could switch and go for a defensive back, if a top one's there*
26.	DALLAS	Cris Collingsworth, WR, *Florida*	*Size and speed; a computer perfecto. They like Mel Owens too.*
27.	PHILADELPHIA	Frank Warren, DE, *Auburn*	*Could eventually replace aging Claude Humphrey*
28	OAKLAND	Curt Marsh, T, *Washington*	*Could switch and go for Oklahoma HB David Overstreet.*



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The Lomax parents have read up on quarterback situations throughout the NFL. "Green Bay and Chicago are said to have the greatest need," says Dave. "We're not thrilled with either of those locations, but you don't have much of a choice in this matter."

"I hope he doesn't go to Seattle," says Carol. "Jim Zorn is there. I don't want him to beat out Jim Zorn. I *like* Jim Zorn." She is abashed at what she has said. "Listen to me. I haven't gotten used to this. I thought just to get votes for the Heisman Trophy [Lomax was seventh] was the ultimate. But it grows and grows . . ."

The pro teams' interest in Lomax dates from his sophomore year, when they began sending him standard questionnaires—many with his name misspelled. Every NFL team placed him under observation this year, a task made easier because he played in the East-West and Senior Bowl games. These were Lomax' first tests against major college competition. At the end of the regular season a few NFL scouts felt Lomax might be the first player chosen in the draft, a reincarnation of Terry Bradshaw, who was the No. 1 choice of the 1970 draft after laboring for a no-name school, Louisiana Tech. But the East-West game last January in which Lomax looked shaky and unsure of himself sent those scouts scurrying back to their projectors and clipboards. "That game cost Lomax a lot of money," says one. "In three hours he projected himself from possibly the No. 1 player in the whole draft to a high-to-middle second round."

At the Senior Bowl, Lomax had, for the first time, the benefit of a pro coach, the 49ers' Bill Walsh, who runs the most sophisticated passing offense in the NFL, and just a week of his training showed tangible results. "Walsh told us, 'Gentlemen, you're here on a business trip. Let's make it worthwhile.' " says Lomax, who completed 11 of 22 passes for 167 yards and was named MVP.

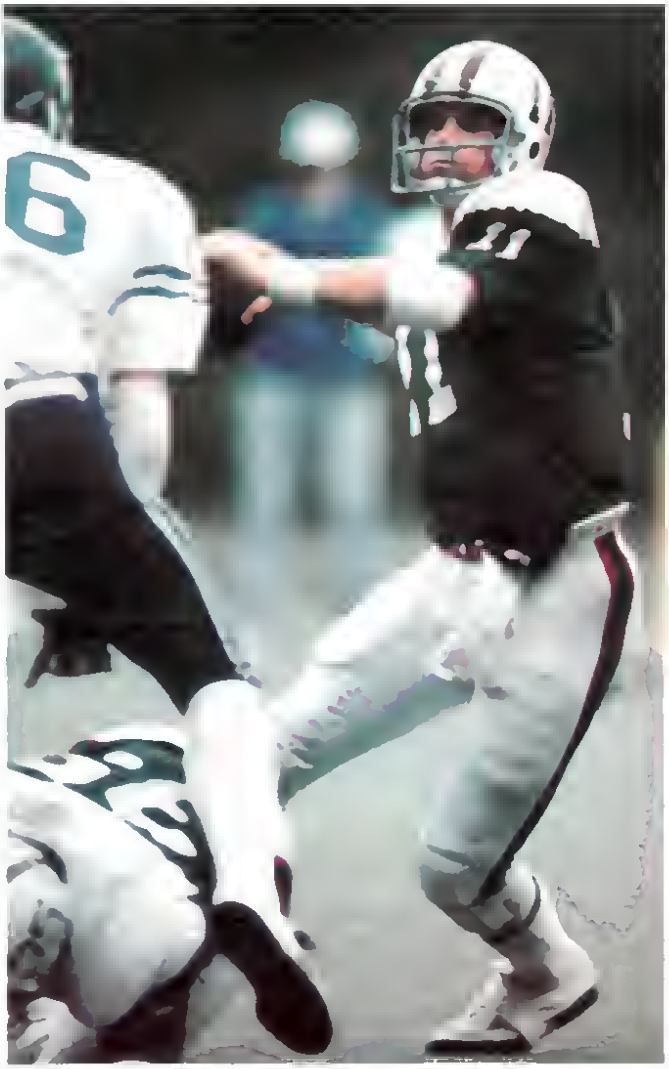
"If you're talking about potential," Walsh says now, "Lomax' is unlimited. He's big and active. He has a fine arm, the strongest arm in the entire draft, bar none. He's intelligent, a good kid to work with. But you don't know how far into this potential he'll draw. It's hard to predict what kind of a professional quarterback he'd make. He came from a smaller college program with a style of pass offense that's nothing like what's played in the NFL. It was all sprint-out passing there, throwing on the run—slants and quick passes. He's not used to facing an awful lot of pressure. Neil made a dramatic improvement in four or five days. In the last 24 hours he seemed to get better by the hour. I think he showed that in the Senior Bowl game. He had a better feel for the offense. He was holding the ball longer, waiting for patterns to develop. He was going to alternate receivers. He didn't do that at all early in the week.

"Now, based on that, you have to predict how he'd be in one year, in five years. It's very difficult to do. I know he'll play in the National Football League. How good could he be? Anywhere from great to struggling."

Since the Senior Bowl, Lomax has gone, with the other 150 or so top players of the 1980 crop, through lengthy pre-draft physical exams. It has been expedient for teams to combine forces, so potential draftees' knees and kidneys need not be probed by 28 different team doctors. But Lomax still had to carry his complete set of X rays through Denver, Dallas, Kansas City and New York weekends of filling out forms, reacting to flashing lights and trying to get straight answers out of the various teams' player personnel directors.

"Gil Brandt seemed a wonderful man at Dallas," says Lomax. "He loaned me his car and said, 'We really want you but you'll be gone before we get a pick.' Dick Haley of Pittsburgh was candid about how Terry Bradshaw might not be back because of wanting to be in the movies. Sid Gillman [then of the Eagles] was kind of a crazy guy. 'You'll go in the first round sure,' he said. I tend to take that with a grain of salt.' "

Lomax was far more attentive when the pros judged his weaknesses. The NFL has a rule that teams cannot request college prospects to run or throw at these physical exams. For that, scouts must go to the player's school or home or the site of an all-star game. When they did, Lomax listened. "I have a lot of work to do on my straight drop," he says. "For four years I developed the roll-out, Run-and-Shoot skills. Now it's five steps back, set up quick, throwing left and right, the posts, the outs. The part of the PSU offense that *will* help is those thousands of hours watching the films with Mouse. He would tell me what I should be watching for every step, every split-second. Over and over. The key to the Run-and-Shoot is recognizing and reacting to defenses. I've got that experience. Of course, in the NFL, they'll *disguise* defenses. There's no more shooting fish in a barrel. All I can say of the future is if God opens the door of football, I'll play it with all my heart. And if not, then I'll be excited to discover what it is He really has in mind for me." **END**



At PSU [illegible] NCAA records for completions, yards and TDs

by William Oscar Johnson



WIDE WORLD PRODUCER LEWIN, MAESTRO OF ABC'S MÉLANGE

Twenty years and 119 sports

When *Wide World of Sports* first aired on ABC 20 years ago this week, there had never been a live sports telecast from Europe (the 1960 Rome Olympics had been covered on *film* by CBS). Jim McKay, a former Baltimore newspaperman with the countenance of an 8-year-old choirboy, had never traveled across the Atlantic and Howard Cosell hadn't yet been invented.

That's how it was on April 29, 1961, when McKay stood shivering in the rain at Philadelphia's Franklin Field before the start of the Penn Relays and spoke of the "new and exciting global concept of sports" that the fledgling summer-filler show planned to present. "Each Saturday for the next 20 weeks," said McKay, "we'll be taking our cameras to the scene of the famous sports events all over the world."

Of course, since that damp and hopeful afternoon in Philly, 20 weeks have become 20 years. *Wide World of Sports* has been aired 1,069 times from 48 different countries, and Jim McKay has logged five million miles. The show has won 44 Emmys, averages close to 25 million viewers per telecast and is seen annually by some 170 million different people. It has also grown up and grown old enough so that it is now one of the longest-running programs on television—in the same class with such graybeards as *The Edge of Night*, *Meet the Press*, *Captain Kangaroo* and *The Lawrence Welk Show*.

At the start, there was no indication of what was to come. As it had for years, ABC was running a hapless, hopeless third behind CBS and NBC. There was no such thing as an ABC sports department. Sports programming was contracted to one Ed Scherick, who appointed an eager 29-year-old producer named Roone Arledge to come up with a sports show—*any* sports show—to fill some gaping holes in the network's summer schedule. In turn, Arledge assigned his young assistant, Chuck Howard, 27, now a vice-president of ABC Sports, to dig up the dates and locations of every sports event on earth. With list in hand, Arledge hit the road and negotiated the rights to a wildly diverse assortment of events, including the Japanese All-Star baseball game, the Cheyenne Frontier Days Rodeo and the Notre Dame spring football game.

Not surprisingly, this potpourri of sport didn't exactly galvanize Madison Avenue. Advertisers stayed away in droves until, at last, network executives set a last-ditch deadline: if a certain percent of the commercial spots wasn't sold by 5 p.m. March 31, 1961, the show would be aborted. Dangling spots on the highly desirable NCAA football package as bait, Scherick and Arledge seduced an advertiser here, an advertiser there. But at 4:30 p.m. on the fateful Friday, the quota still hadn't been filled. Then R.J. Reynolds signed up, and *Wide World* was launched.

The high point of the show that first summer was a historic telecast of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. track meet from Moscow. "We took 20 tons of equipment and 50 technicians there," recalls McKay. "We didn't know what to expect. We had tape machines, something the Soviets didn't have. We were so paranoid we had our guys sleep with the heads of our tape machines under their pillows so the Russians couldn't steal them. Until that show our ratings were very low. Without it we would have been taken off the air on Labor Day and never seen again."

In the two ensuing decades, *Wide World* has spread itself ever wider. The show has televised no fewer than 119 different kinds of sports and games: barrel-jumping, wrist-wrestling, cliff-diving, bridge, cricket, Sumo wrestling . . you name it, *Wide World* has shown it.

Says Dennis Lewin, *Wide World*'s coordinating producer for the past 10 years, "We've put on a lot of odd sports, but the backbone of the show has always been the major world championships—chess, gymnastics, skiing, boxing, figure skating, almost all of them. And we assiduously avoid the artificial, made-for-TV, events."

Although segments are occasionally trivial, dated, even irritating (viewers are kept in the dark about what time during the show the big fight will begin), *Wide World* has given America a wider and more sophisticated view of the games people play than any other single mass media outlet. This Saturday, in a prime time, 90-minute special, ABC will present a grand synopsis of what the show has been up to for the past 20 years. Obviously, from Pelé to Vienko Bogatej, the feckless Yugoslav who symbolizes the agony of defeat in his horrendous fall during a ski jump, exposure on *Wide World* has done a great deal for the participants. But the show has probably given even more to those who merely sit and spectate. END

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by Jack McCallum

El Tiante makes his peetch

A minor league no-hitter gave a major league boost to Luis Tiant's comeback

The Spanish verb for it is *rebotar*—to bounce back, to show resilience. And no one in baseball has done it better, or more often, or more dramatically, or with more cigar smoke than Luis Clemente Tiant. Just four days after Tiant's legion of obituary writers were pressed into emergency service last week, Ol' Luis fooled them again by pitching a seven-inning no-hitter in his second outing for the Portland Beavers of the Pacific Coast League. And so begins another improbable comeback for El Tiante, or, as he should be known, "El Rebotante."

The venerable Tiant needed all his powers of resilience after an embarrassing opener on April 14 at Civic Stadium in Portland, Ore. Both the performance and the surroundings were strange indeed for a pitcher of his stature

That wasn't Robert Merrill at home plate belting out the national anthem. It was the Fair Oaks (Calif.) Presbyterian Church Youth Choir. That wasn't Bump Wills of the Texas Rangers stepping in for the first pitch of the season. It was Jay Loviglio of the Edmonton Trappers. And when Tiant, in the middle of that unusual look-away delivery, glanced into left-center field, he didn't see the monuments of Yankee Stadium. He saw an advertisement for Rico's Pizza.

But if Civic Stadium wasn't a customary setting for Cuba's second-most-famous cigar-smoking *pelotero*, Tiant's performance wasn't customary, either. After two innings, 56 pitches, eight runs, one grand-slam home run by Gary Holle, and five other hits, the highest-paid minor-leaguer in *todo el mundo* sat in front of his locker, shrugged, and said, "Eh, na-ting you can do."

"Na-ting you can do" has become something of a credo for this battered but not broken warrior. Na-ting you can do if the Yankees see you with what your agent calls "40-40 eyesight"—a player 40 years old (as Tiant claims to be) is too old to be protected on the 40-man roster. Na-ting you can do if the other 25 teams weigh your age more heavily than your 225 major league wins and decide not to draft you as a free agent. Na-ting you can do if you don't want to take off that uniform and the only route back is the minors. Na-ting you can do if Step 1 in your comeback with the Triple-A Beavers is a two-inning calamity.

But Step 2 turned out to be Tiant's third professional no-hitter, a 2–0 victory at Spokane in the first game of a doubleheader. The others were with Burlington, Iowa in 1963 and with La Guaira in the Venezuelan Winter League in 1971. This time Tiant walked only two and struck out 10. "It's the hardest I've seen him throw in four years," said Spokane's Ted Cox, a former Red Sox teammate. "Before the game I told the guys, 'Don't worry. He won't throw the fastball by you.' But that's what he did." Cox' flailing alone accounted for three of the strikeouts.

"I throw good," Tiant said, as laconic as ever. "All my peetches work. I peetch like me, that's all." Tiant did concede that the performance might help his comeback. "This make people notice," he said. But the biggest immediate impression was made on his wife. After Tiant called her in Mexico, she started crying. "She my No. 1 fan," he said proudly.

The faith of Tiant's most loyal supporter would have been tested by his performance in the opener. But Tiant was phlegmatic then, too. "I peetch a bad game," he said. "What can I do, go around killing myself?"



continued

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If Tiant went around killing himself every time something has gone wrong in his 22-year professional baseball career, he would have been laid to rest in a number of American cities. It took him 5½ years and five stops (including Portland) to finally make it to the majors with Cleveland in 1964. The Indians traded him to Minnesota after the 1969 season, and after a year, the Twins released him. Atlanta picked him up and promptly sent him down to Richmond before releasing him. But in May of '71, Boston signed him, and in eight years he was 122–81. After the 1978 season, the Red Sox let him get away to the Yankees as a free agent. The Yankees didn't pick up his option for a third season, which was, in effect, another release. Na-ting you can do.

The improbable saga of a highly paid major league pitcher who has won 57.7% of his games returning to the Pacific Coast League begins with Portland's improbable general manager and majority owner, Dave Hersh. If the Beavers (or the Bevos, as they're known around town) have a phenom, it's probably the 26-year-old Hersh, a fast-talking, highly visible workaholic in a three-piece suit. By his own admission, and the eager testimony of others in the Portland organization, Hersh "has a tendency to go off the deep end sometimes." It was toward that end the Beavers were heading in the first two years of Hersh's profligate reign. But even his critics admitted he wanted a drawing card, which Portland hadn't had since 1964, when its pitching staff included Tiant, Sam McDowell and Tommy John. Tiant had a simple line then: "I peetch, I ween." He was 15–1 in 17 starts before the Indians called him up in midseason.

"All I ever heard around here was people talking about that team," says Hersh. "Luis was such a big part of it that it seemed a natural to go after him. We needed him to boost the gate and make us a winner again. And he needed us to try and get back in the majors. We're not using him like a lot of people are saying. We're using each other."

The deal wasn't struck easily. One complication occurred when the Yankees suddenly got interested in Tiant again and wanted him to pitch for their Triple-A farm team in Columbus, Ohio. As late as Feb. 16 of this year, seven days before Tiant was to sign the Portland contract, Hersh called a press conference to say, "Portland is just not capable of competing with the major leagues, especially in pursuit of a major league pitcher." But just as suddenly as they regained interest in Tiant, the Yankees lost it again. Tiant says, "Cedric Tallis [executive vice-president] wanted me. George Steinbrenner didn't."

Tiant's next-best alternative was to sign the Portland contract, which, with both a $50,000 signing bonus and an undisclosed deferred signing bonus (the only clauses allowed in a minor league contract), will earn him between $140,000 and $160,000. Portland owns his contract outright; if the Pirates, Portland's parent team, or any other major league club want Tiant, they'll have to purchase his contract from the Beavers, who have promised to let him go willingly.

Tiant's contract is believed to be the biggest ever for a minor league player. Hersh and his 11 partners paid for it by reaching into their own pockets for half the money and recruiting three additional partners for the franchise. They had hoped Tiant would pay them back at the gate, but he drew just 4,750 fans in the home opener, 2,750 fewer than they had anticipated.

One of the moneymen is David Lander, who plays the part of Squiggy on *Laverne & Shirley*. But to Tiant, this comeback attempt is no sitcom. He's in Portland for only one reason—to get back to the bigs—and he realizes that each step backward, like the one he took in the opener, makes that hope more unrealistic. "I still love the game," says Tiant. "I don't want to come in here and embarrass myself. I don't want to steal their money."

He worked hard to get in shape in the off-season and now he looks as solid as a 40-year-old, 5′ 10″, 205-pound pitcher with an ample waist can look. "He reported in outstanding physical condition," says Portland Manager Pete Ward. "I couldn't have asked more from him in that respect. Luis leads by example. He's a manager's dream. He works hard; he's a model for the whole team." And Tiant impressed some of the Pirates in spring training, where he had a 2–0 record but a 6.39 ERA. "I never had to move my glove," said Catcher Steve Nicosia after working with Tiant. "If I set up outside, that's where the pitch was. If I set up inside, that's where the pitch was."

Despite his enthusiasm, Tiant is somewhat the scarred Don Quixote these days: he's ready to do battle with a few more windmills, but he's been through too much to have ultimate faith in the system. "All the time, throughout my career, people have been pulling tricks, doing things they shouldn't be doing, making it hard for me," he says. "I've had to prove myself every year, so this is not new. They've said before I'm too old. Sometimes they say my arm isn't strong anymore. I get used to that." In a statement that will stand in lasting counterpoint to the optimism of Chico Escuela, the former *Saturday Night Live* sports commentator, Tiant says, "Béisbol no been easy game for me."

A little self-doubt has crept into El Tiante's thinking, too. "I want to play 3½ more years in the majors," he says. "That will give me 20 years. But I won't do it if I'm making a fool of myself. I won't do it just to make a couple more dollars. I don't really know what are my chances of getting back. But I know one thing: I could be thinking one thing and the other guy is thinking something else."

If Tiant at last hangs it up this season, he has several prospects—to manage or coach in Mexico, to be a major league pitching coach, or to become "director of Latin Affairs" for the Yankees, a job that was guaranteed when he signed with them in '78. Or he can just go back to raising poultry on his farm in La Piedad, outside Mexico City. "The same way I came in, I'll go out," says Tiant. "Nobody will have to tell me it's time." If that time is soon, Luis Tiant knows there's na-ting you can do. Unless, of course, that "na-ting" is a no-hitter.

THE WEEK

(April 13-19)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL WEST Fernando Valenzuela, the Mexican southpaw who is built like an overstuffed taco, continued to fatten his reputation by keeping hitters on a starvation diet. First, the 20-year-old Dodger rookie muzzled the Giants 7–1 with a four-hit, 10-strikeout effort at bitterly cold Candlestick Park. About all the Giants could do was score the first earned run ever off Valenzuela, terminating a 34½-inning streak that began last Sept. 15. Then, on a drizzly night in San Diego, Valenzuela fanned 10 Padres, gave up only five hits, singled twice and pared his ERA to 0.33 with a 2–0 triumph. Reliever

continued


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Bobby Castillo picked up three saves. Burt Hooton helped keep Los Angeles (5–1) in first place by driving in two runs during a 4–2 victory at Candlestick, his 10th consecutive win there. That gave the Dodgers a 6–0 record, their best start since 1955.

San Diego (1–5) ended the L.A. streak 3–2 and broke its own five-game losing string when Broderick Perkins singled in the decisive run in the 10th. Singles were almost all the Padres had in their first five games last week, they batted .145 during that span and had just three doubles among 22 hits.

Atlanta's erstwhile sluggers also had difficulty laying on the lumber. While dropping four of their first five games, the Braves (2–4) produced only seven runs, and their lone homer was by Rufino Linares, a rookie outfielder. Linares' most vital hit, however, was a single in the 10th that knocked off the Astros 2–1. Biff Pocoroba also delivered a game-winning hit, singling in two runs in the ninth to topple the Giants 4–3.

Houston (2–4) got only two hits off Atlanta's Tommy Boggs, but defeated him 2–0 behind the four-hit pitching of Nolan Ryan and Frank LaCorte. The Astros' first hit was a single by Craig Reynolds in the seventh. A few minutes later, Boggs committed a three-base throwing error on a bunt and then fired a wild pitch. Ryan's nine Ks moved him into third place on the all-time list with 3,118.

Tom Seaver of Cincinnati (3–2) became the fifth pitcher to reach 3,000 strikeouts (Keith Hernandez, swinging in the fourth), a feat that lost some of its gloss when he was beaten by St. Louis 10–4. Three home runs helped Seaver to an earlier 7–1 triumph over the Padres. Rookie Bruce Berenyi, who pitched a two-hitter and won 4–0, and Mario Soto, who breezed 10–1 with a three-hitter, completed a sweep in San Diego.

Milt May batted .471 and Larry Herndon .409 for the Giants (2–4). Doyle Alexander will never be mistaken for Grover Cleveland, but he enhanced his standing as a master junkballer by stopping his former Atlanta teammates 6–2. Tom Griffin pitched his first complete game since 1976 when he dispatched the Braves 4–1 on four hits.

LA 8–1 CIN 5–4 ATL 4–5
SF 4–6 SD 3–7 HOUS 2–7

NL EAST On the whole, the only ones glad to be in Philadelphia were the Phillies. All four umpires assigned to the Phillie-Pittsburgh series were hurt, starting with plate ump Joe West, who got his head bloodied in the opener when Lonnie Smith's bat slipped out of his hands as he was following through on a swinging strike. West went back to his hotel. His cohorts were late in joining him there, the three of them suffering minor injuries when their car was struck by another vehicle after the game. There was a fifth casualty. Pirate First Base Coach Al Monchak slipped in the dugout, pulled a muscle and had to be replaced.

The game? Ah yes, they did play some baseball, although for the first three innings it appeared the Bucs had a new game going called Throw the Ball Into the Schuylkill River. One miscue occurred when Shortstop Tim Foli forced Steve Carlton at second base for what he thought was the third out and then tossed the ball to the Phillie pitcher. That turned out to be Foli's Folly, because it was only the second out and a run scored. Everything went right that night for the Phillies (6–0): they were presented with their diamond-studded world-championship rings, 60,404 fans were on hand and the Pirates succumbed 5–1. Pete Rose, on the eve of his 40th birthday, banged out three hits in that game and batted .400 for the week. Even Gary Matthews was able to smile before the week ended. Matthews popped up in his first home at bat as a Phillie and received the time-honored Philadelphia welcome, spelled B-O-O. But Matthews heard cheers two nights later after homering in the 11th for a 4–3 victory over Pittsburgh. Philadelphia was one strike from losing 3–1 when it tied the score on Keith Moreland's two-run single. Manny Trillo slugged a clutch home run, too, beating Chicago 4–3 in the 10th. For the week, the division-leading Phillies hit a robust .316.

As for the Pirates (3–3), their next stop was Houston, where they won three in a row. Three hits by Foli plus three sacrifice flies by other Bucs beat the Astros 4–3. Lee Lacy's RBI double in the 11th the next day helped Pittsburgh win again, 6–3. Rod Scurry and Eddie Solomon then muffled Houston 2–0.

Wet weather forced a one-day delay in Montreal's home opener against Chicago, a game that got underway only after workmen used blowtorches to thaw a patch of ice behind home plate. The Cubs then let a 4–3 lead melt away in the eighth. Rodney Scott of the Expos (4–1) walked with one out, and when Chicago Reliever Bill Caudill tucked the ball in his glove and blew on his pitching hand to try to warm it up, Scott stole second. Dick Tidrow then came out of the Cub bullpen, gave up a score-tying single to Andre Dawson, threw the ball away trying to pick him off first base and allowed a decisive single by Gary Carter. Scott Sanderson and two relievers followed up with a 7–0 blanking of Chicago. Sanderson, who went to the Florida Instructional League during the off-season to try to improve last year's .078 batting average, showed that he had learned a few things by doubling twice and driving across four runs. Bill Gullickson was another pitcher demonstrating improvement at the plate. When not busy fanning 10 Mets, Gullickson, a .175 batter last season, poked a double and single and drove in a run as he helped build a 5–3 victory for himself. Ray Burris, Bill Lee and Elias Sosa all had hits in Sunday's 4–3 victory in New York, giving Expo pitchers nine hits in 17 at bats so far this season.

St. Louis (3–1) also benefited from some pleasantly surprising performances and moved two games above the .500 level for the first time since the final day of the 1979 season. Venerable Reliever Jim Kaat, 42, drove in a run with a drag-bunt single in a 10–4 victory over the Reds. Joe Edelen, a third baseman when he was the club's No. 1 draft choice in 1973, is now a righthanded reliever. Edelen's conversion paid off as he put the finishing touches on the 10–4 win by retiring eight of the nine Reds he faced.

Another unexpected lift came after the Cardinal bus to New York's La Guardia Airport became mired in mud. Fearful that the team would miss its flight to Cincinnati, Trainer Gene Gieselmann and Traveling Secretary C.J. Cherre hustled off to a nearby bus dispatch terminal and for $24 hired transportation that whisked the team to La Guardia.

St. Louis was also well pleased with the deal it made last winter for Bruce Sutter. The former Cub picked up his second save when he gave up just one single in 2⅓ innings while preserving a 5–1 win in New York.

The Mets (2–3) got a lot of help from the Cardinals in a 5–3 win: eight bases on balls and five errors, two by Outfielder George Hendrick, which matched his total for all of 1980. Despite the loss, St. Louis players couldn't keep from laughing when the Shea Stadium message board flashed a sign that said LET'S GO MUTS. Pat Zachry ran his record to 3–0 when he beat Montreal 7–2.

The Cubs (0–5) played as if their name should have been Scrubs. Chicago pitchers walked nine batters in one game. Cub fielders committed nine errors. Defending batting champion Bill Buckner was at .188 for the season. And Leon Durham, a key man in the trade for Sutter, was batting .192.

PHIL 7–2 MONT 5–2 ST.L 4–2
NY 4–4 PITT 4–4 CHI 1–7

AL EAST It wasn't The Bird. It wasn't a plane. It was Dave Rozema who had Tiger fans looking up. Rozema, who had been on the trading block through spring training, celebrated his 4–0 defeat of the Royals by jumping around on the mound the way Mark Fidrych used to. Front-running Detroit (5–1) got a second shutout in a row when Milt Wilcox, Kevin Saucier and Aurelio Lopez combined for a 2–0 victory in Toronto. Lopez earned his second save of the week by locking up a 4–3 victory over the Blue Jays. The win went to Dan Schatzeder, who allowed only one hit in 5⅓ innings of relief. In another fine relief job, Saucier didn't allow a hit in 2⅓ innings of rookie Howard Bailey's 8–5 defeat of Toronto. Kirk Gibson, who has made a remarkably swift recovery from an operation on his left wrist, homered in that game for his sixth successive hit over a two-day span.

continued



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It was easy to see why the Blue Jays (2–4) were last, they were batting .201 for the season. In keeping with their tradition, though, the Jaybirds won their fifth home opener in five years by beating the Yankees 5–1. They did it when Manager Bobby Mattick went against the percentages in the eighth, bringing in righthander Roy Lee Jackson with the bases loaded, one out and three lefty swingers coming up. Mattick was gambling that Jackson would come through with his specialty—a double-play grounder—and he did. Mark Bomback's pitching and Al Woods' three RBIs downed Detroit 9–1 on Sunday.

New York (2–3) defeated Texas 2–1, thanks to a move that losing Manager Don Zimmer didn't make. With men on second and third in the first inning and Reggie Jackson up, Zimmer shunned an intentional walk and let Danny Darwin pitch to him. Popeye's move seemed to make sense, after all, this was Jackson's first at bat this season after missing five games because of an injured leg. Jackson doubled in two runs.

Another lefthanded-hitting veteran, Carl Yastrzemski of the Red Sox (3–2), also made an auspicious 1981 debut. Though hampered by back trouble, Yaz returned from three days in traction and had three RBIs in a 7–2 victory over Baltimore. Bob Stanley notched two wins with 10⅔ innings of scoreless relief.

Late rallies enabled Baltimore (2–2) to win twice. A pinch RBI single in the ninth by Jose Morales broke open a 1–1 game in Boston. Gary Roenicke stole home on the front end of a delayed double steal and the Orioles won 5–1. When the Birds triumphed 3–2 in Kansas City, Rich Dauer's two-run double highlighted a three-run eighth.

Milwaukee fans, who expect to hoist many a toast to their offense, were left staring at empty mugs as the Brewers (0–4) hit .177.

Cleveland pitchers bamboozled Milwaukee, Wayne Garland winning 1–0 and Bert Blyleven 5–0. Garland threw only 86 pitches, 64 of them strikes, and Blyleven fanned eight while tossing a four-hitter. For the Indians (3–1), they were the first back-to-back shutouts since September 1976.

DET 7–2 BOS 4–3 NY 4–4 CLEV 3–3
BALT 3–3 MIL 2–4 TOR 3–6

AL WEST

There were some ominous signs for the Royals (1–3). Just as the team's 1980 championship pennant was being raised before what was to have been K.C.'s home opener against the Tigers, a violent storm struck, and it couldn't be run up to the top of the pole. Then, as George Brett held aloft the silver bat he had just received for winning last season's batting title with a .390 average, a bolt of lightning seared the sky. "Even God is mad at me for not having batted .400," said Brett. Rain washed out that game, and when the teams played the next night, the Royals lost 6–5 as Reliever Dan Quisenberry was hit hard. Quisenberry was again ineffective during a 3–2 loss to the Orioles. While the A's (*page 18*) gamboled, Kansas City Manager Jim Frey gambled. In an effort to end a three-game skid, Frey inserted two 38-year-olds in Sunday's lineup. First Baseman Lee May and Catcher Jerry Grote. Both came through as the Royals beat the Orioles 3–2. May had three hits and two RBIs, and Grote, who sat out the last two seasons, doubled in another run.

Twins owner Calvin Griffith was disenchanted with the weak hitting of Ron Jackson, but Manager Johnny Goryl convinced Griffith the first baseman should play. Jackson responded with two homers that helped defeat Seattle 5–4, the first win of the year for Minnesota (2–2). Roy Smalley also homered in that game, and his third round-tripper of the week, a grand slam, decked California 6–4.

A club-record Opening Day crowd of 51,560 saw Carlton Fisk of Chicago (3–2) slug a grand slam to help knock off the Brewers 9–3. Two other new White Sox contributed to that victory, Ron LeFlore with three hits and a stolen base, Greg Luzinski with two hits. Fisk then beat his former Boston teammates for the second time in nine days, walloping a two-run homer in a 2–1 victory.

Three new Mariners (2–4) collaborated to beat the Twins 6–5. Richie Zisk drove in two runs and Jerry Don Gleaton picked up the win with relief from Bryan Clark. A homer by Zisk and more fine pitching by Clark gave the A's their first loss, 3–2.

Another player who changed uniforms this season, ex-Astro Ken Forsch, pitched the best game the Angels (1–5) have had so far. Forsch whitewashed Minnesota 4–0 on six hits.

"I don't plan on waiting until May like I usually do," said Al Oliver of Texas (3–2) about his determination to end another early-season slump. True to his word, Oliver homered and drove in three runs during an 8–0 defeat of the Indians. Doc Medich hurled 7⅓ strong innings in that game, and Steve Comer gave up one harmless hit in six innings of relief while beating New York 6–4. RBI hits in the seventh by Buddy Bell, who batted .500 for the week, and Jim Sundberg concluded the Rangers' comeback from a 4–0 deficit. On Sunday, Jon Matlack beat New York 4–0.

OAK 11–1 CHI 4–3 TEX 4–4 CAL 4–6
KC 2–4 SEA 3–7 MINN 2–6

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

TONY ARMAS: Oakland's 27-year-old outfielder from Venezuela batted .375, slugged four home runs and four doubles, had 14 RBIs, three game-winning hits and scored five times as the A's won six of seven games.

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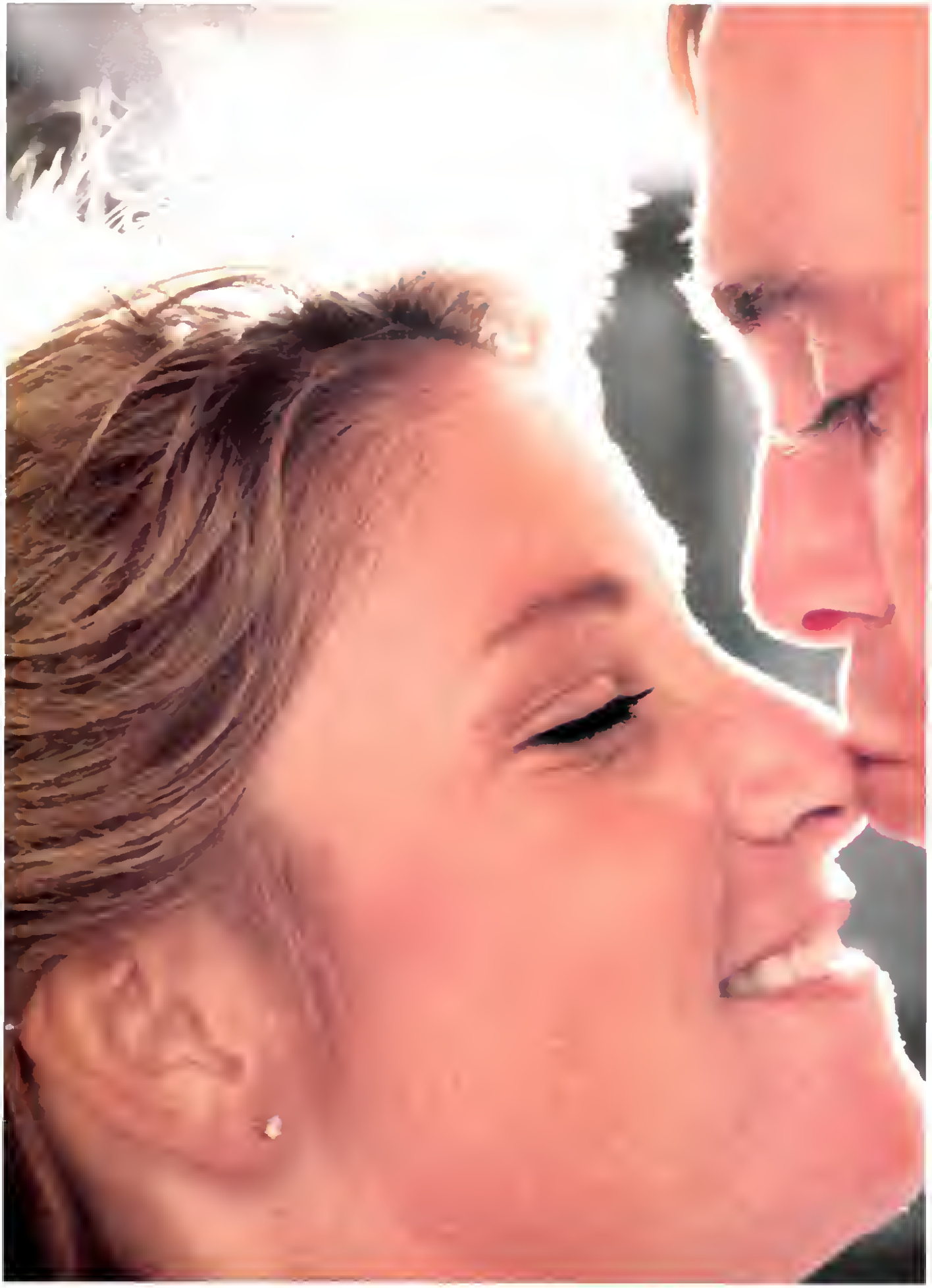


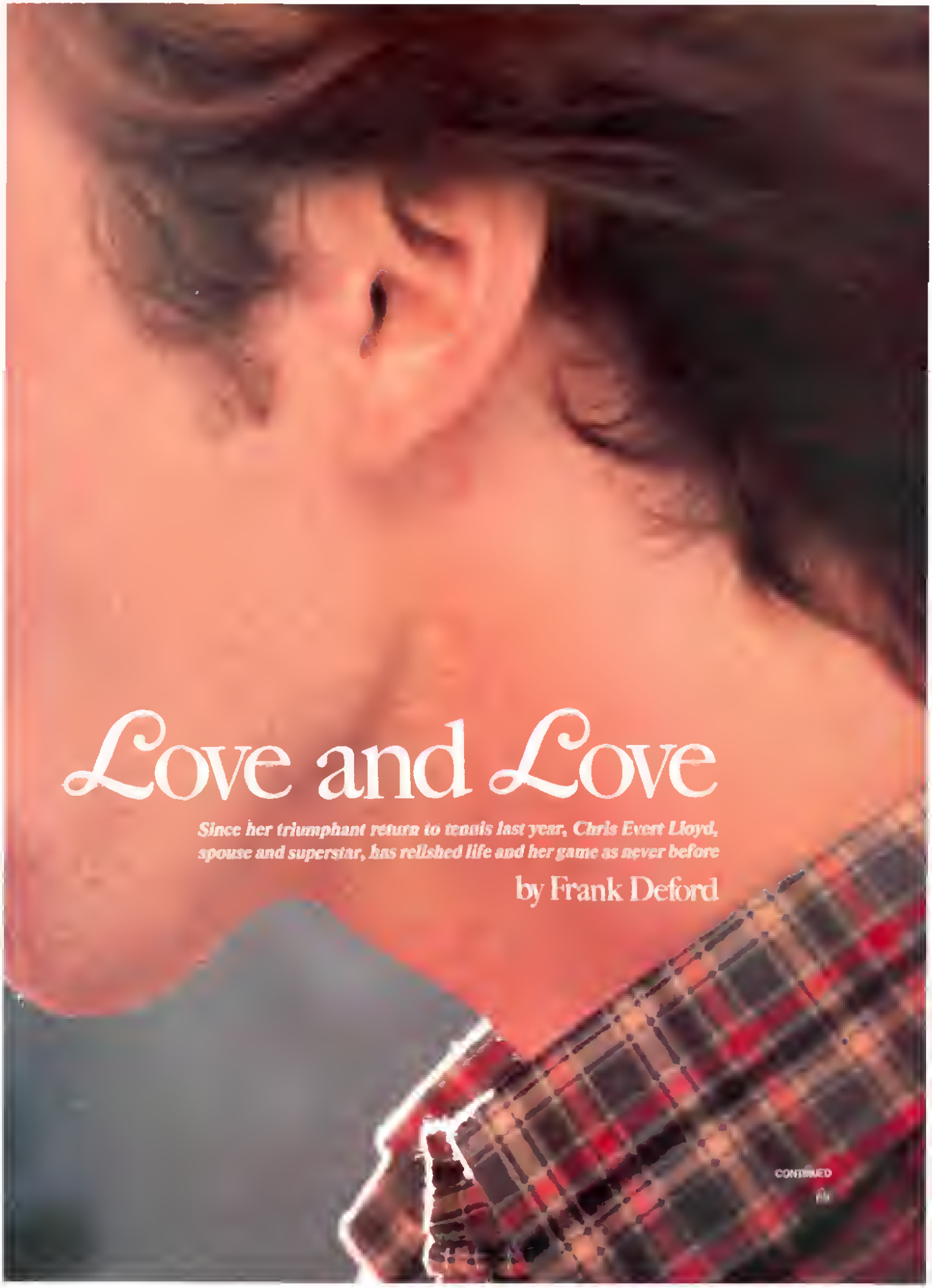
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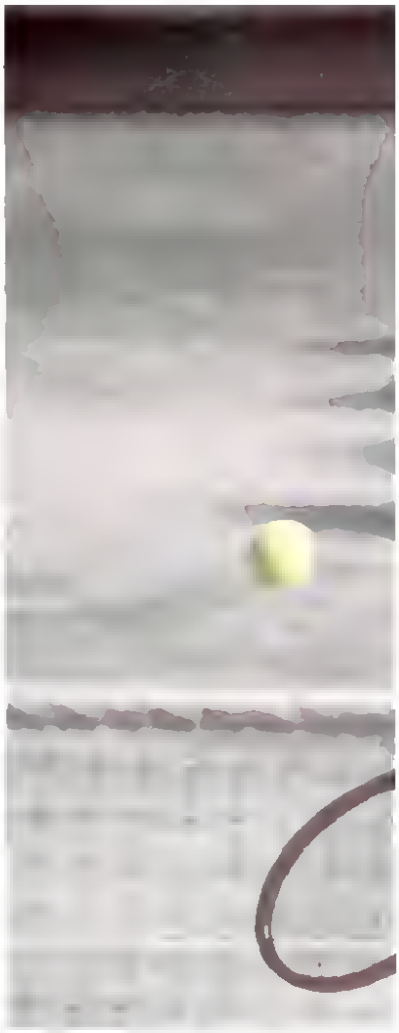


Love and Love

Since her triumphant return to tennis last year, Chris Evert Lloyd, spouse and superstar, has relished life and her game as never before

by Frank Deford

CONTINUED



Ultimately, it all comes down to this: when Chrissie won Wimbledon in 1976, beat Evonne 8–6 in the third, she went back to her hotel room and soon, very soon, minutes later, all the joy was drained. She slumped there, hurt and melancholy, because she had no one she loved to take her to the Wimbledon ball. "All I kept thinking," she says, "was that I'd achieved everything, but it meant nothing because I had no one to share it with."

There is an old French expression that goes, "An actress is more than a woman, but an actor is less than a man." Conversely, even now in the all-American world of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., a male is considered more of a man if he's an athlete, but a woman athlete is perceived to be less of a female. The really extraordinary accomplishment of Christine Marie Evert Lloyd is that she has risen to such heights in the face of the self-consciousness engendered by that thinking. Would that she had actually trusted in herself? Not until last year, after almost a decade of playing at or very near the top of her sport, did she ever allow herself to be tested "as far as my guts are concerned," did she ever dare play for Chris and not for some man she loved. "That was the first time I ever reached down inside of me—me," she says.

Now, at last, she's safely settled. Mrs. Lloyd, not only an old married woman but married to the most attractive of men as well, one so fair that schoolgirls flock after him, and his male friends, in grudging admiration, call him Flossie for his golden locks. Why, no man's centerfold could be so impressive, *no* man's.

Evert Lloyd is 26 years old, complete, in the fullness of life. Already she has won five U.S. Opens, four French championships, two Wimbledons, 104 tournaments all told. Once she won 56 matches in a row and 125 straight on clay. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Sportswoman of the Year in 1976. Four times Associated Press Female Athlete of the Year. And now she's also finally pleased with herself. She feels like a million dollars. And she's down to 115 pounds from a high of 135 in 1978. She looks like a million dollars. Why, just imagine what the lady could do if she could only volley.



Though the Lloyds have beaten the Borgs, they have yet to venture onto the mixed-doubles circuit

In women's tennis, as much as in any sport, a player's temperament is revealed by her style of play. Men, except perhaps on clay, are expected to attack, but so many women aren't strong enough to rule from the net that they all pretty much have the license to choose a style that best fits their personality. Billie Jean King is the classic example, ever on the move, forward, on the court as well as in life. The whimsical Evonne Goolagong goes with the wind, trying whatever strikes her fancy. Chris stays back, playing it safe.

Get the ball back. So she was instructed by her father, Jimmy Evert, and so she continues to do. It's a maddening style of play, frustrating for the opponent, tedious for the spectator. Most practitioners of the baseline game play it



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR

Evert Lloyd's net play is not nearly as dreadful as her recurring nightmare makes it out to be.

out of fear and lack of talent. Consider this observation from the 1968 memoirs of Al Laney, one of two writers in the tennis Hall of Fame:

"They were preceded by two girls whose names have long since escaped me, but whose performance I have seen repeated over and over these many years on courts fast and slow, grass, clay and cement, in many countries. They played an interminable match, and as I watched I learned for the first time that tennis can be boring. There was something prophetic in this, for it was to be my lot for many years to watch and write about this sort of thing, the purposeless hitting up and down the court by two girls, neither able to win when the chance comes, both forced to go on and on until one or the other finally loses."

The operative word here is *purposeless*; what distinguishes Evert Lloyd from the bulk of her breed is that she has always gotten the ball back, with both a scheme and success in mind. Yet it takes a somewhat sophisticated eye to appreciate this, and even then it doesn't necessarily follow that the witness will be enthralled. Evert Lloyd understands her lyrical failing. Still, she says, "I think people should have acknowledged more of my attributes—my strength, my determination, my ability to react to pressure."

And, perhaps above all, her facility for sticking with it. After 20 years of tennis, she has had few lapses from her pattern of play. Other players notice that Tracy Austin, who is programmed for the same waiting game, has already begun to grow impatient with it, and she's only 18. "What Chris has managed is quite incredible," says Ted Tinling, the tennis fashion designer and majordomo of the women's tour. "A woman champion is hard-pressed to survive more than six years. They start so young and then suddenly they realize that to lose a set isn't world news, so they begin to *think* about it out there. I remember watching Helen Wills in some obscure quarterfinal. She got into a long rally, and it was so apparent I just sighed to myself, 'I'm sorry, Helen, it's all done now. You're over the hill.' And this was so."

Evert Lloyd has endured at the baseline for two reasons. One is technical: she plays best there. To be fair, this isn't to say that sameness constitutes stagnation. She moves with more facility now, has an improved overhead and serve (how proud she is of that) and plays more intelligently and offensively. The other reason is psychological: she's incapable of rushing the net.

Oh, this doesn't mean that never ever will Evert Lloyd venture forward on some fast surface. Other players, after all, force her up with drop shots, and she has learned to volley quite well in practice. "Look at her, coming in there," says her husband, John. "See? Not bad. But she just has no instincts for it, and she's literally scared to do that in matches. Genuinely frightened."

A couple of years ago, before Evert Lloyd's opening match at Wimbledon, against some hopelessly outclassed opponent, a few players offered *continued*



One of the perks allotted the Amelia Island pro.



London's "Daily Mirror" couldn't agree more

to give her $100 if she would serve-and-volley the first point. One point. She really wanted to do it—she laughs at this inhibition—but she simply couldn't. But why? One lousy point. "I thought, 'Suppose I get my feet all tangled up and fall on my face,' " the world's best woman player says, quite earnestly.

She even has a recurring nightmare: she is on Wimbledon Centre Court and comes in to hit an easy volley. She misses it altogether, and the fans—leering, hideous Diane Arbus faces—hoot and laugh at her. "I guess that's what happens to you when you spend the first 12 years working on your ground strokes," she says with a shrug.

But it's not only that the baseline has been her tactical theater of operations. Oh, no, it's so much more than that. Foremost, perhaps, the baseline has been a refuge. Back there she's insulated: it's only the ball and her. She wasn't soiling her femininity playing some sport. Instead, as in all the movie and fashion magazines she devoured, she could be her own actress in some drama, a model on a runway. "I never felt at all like an athlete," she says. "I was just someone *who played tennis matches.* I still thought of women athletes as freaks, and I used to hate myself, thinking I must not be a whole woman. The nail polish, the ruffles on my bloomers, the hair ribbons, not wearing socks—all of that was very important to me, to compensate. I would not be the stereotyped jock. I remember saying once that I would never fall down for a point, and Rosie Casals and some of the others laughed at me. I just didn't know where I fit in at all."

Her friend Ana Leaird, a Women's Tennis Association official who has known Evert Lloyd since they both attended St. Thomas Aquinas High in Fort Lauderdale, remembers trying to compliment her once. "I said, 'Oh, Chris, you're moving so well; you're building up your muscles nicely.'

"And she screamed back at me, 'No, no, Ana, don't tell me that!' "

What rare defeats Evert Lloyd suffered didn't upset her, but once, after a press conference, she dissolved into tears because no one had noticed that she had lost five pounds. At 17, her first complaint about fame—facetious, but revealing—was, "Well, it would be nice if some writer would get around to describing me as sexy." The next year, she declared outright, "I don't ever want to be the breadwinner of my family. Too long a tennis career can ruin a girl and harden her."

Now she says, "I never felt that much emotion out there. I had no ambition. My father was the incentive." She would rush to call him after every match, and all decisions were deferred to him. Only in the last few months has she taken on a professional business manager.

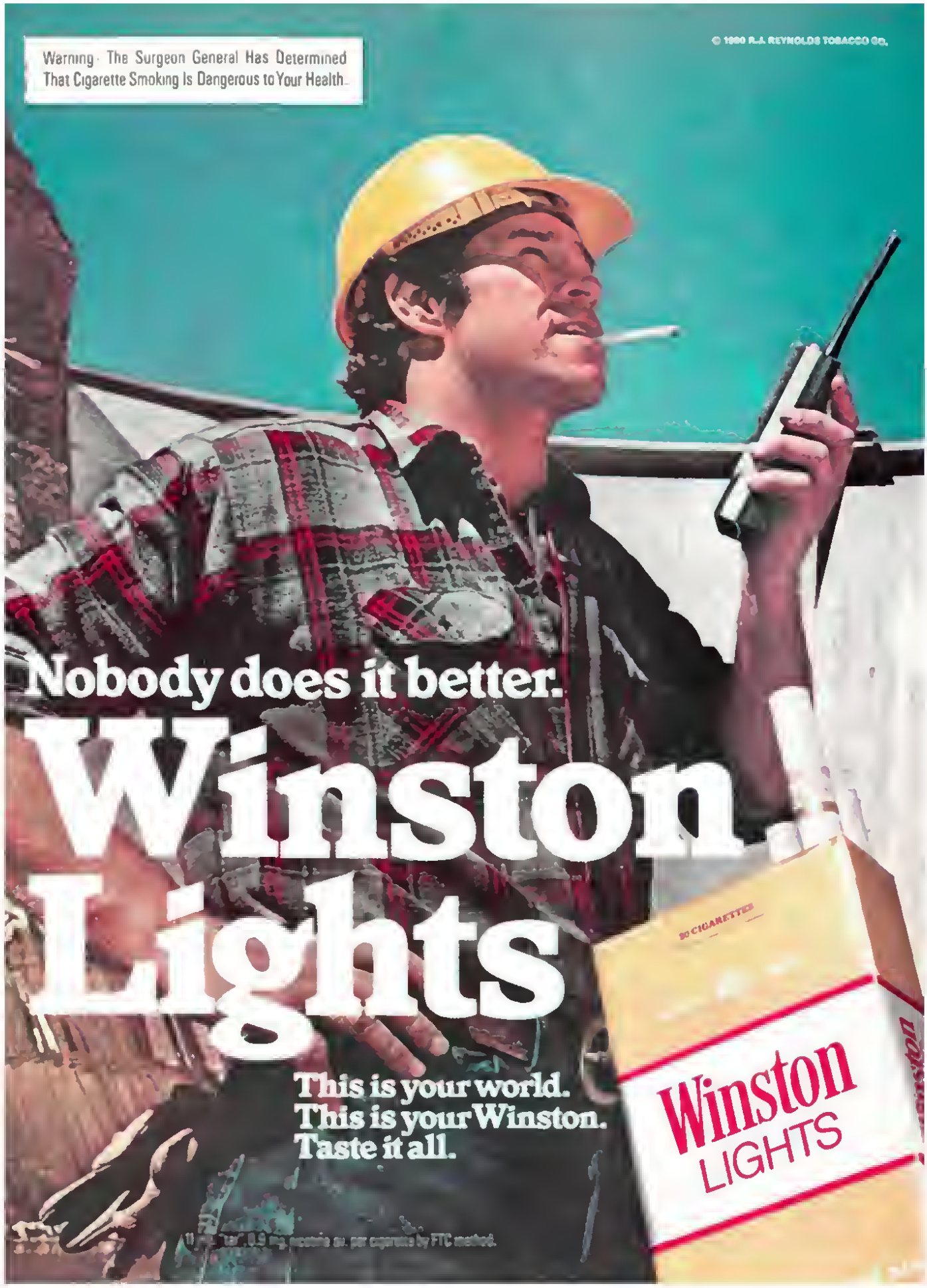
And so, Evert Lloyd stayed back, returning balls. Too close to the net would be too personal, too involved with the jock on the other side of the court. She was only playing against herself, literally going through the motions her father had taught her so well. That she mastered these mechanics and became one of the greatest champions of all time was almost incidental. Not till she quit the sport in despair last year, came back three months later and then played with so much guts against Austin at the U.S. Open, did she ever really *beat* anybody.

"Are you fearless enough to deal with

continued



Clare, the last of the Evert prodigies, ranks second in the U.S. in the girls' 12s and first with big sis.


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Tracy?" Neil Amdur, who is collaborating with Evert Lloyd on her forthcoming autobiography, asked her at the beginning of the Open. She winced—"It was a funny word, *fearless*, but he hit it right on the head"—and lied that she surely was. But it wasn't until 10 days later, just before meeting Austin in the semis, that, she says, "I knew I had the guts to stay out there with her and beat her. I told John, 'Yes, now I think I can win.' You know, that's the only time I ever said that."

About winning?

"Yes. Now I really love the image that a woman athlete has. Why, I've been falling down and sweating for a couple years now." And she laughs, her eyes getting lost, mere slits in a pretty face that always swells with rosiness in either humor or happiness.

Jimmy Evert has taught all his five children to play his game. There are two sons: Drew, 27, now the teaching pro at the resort on Amelia Island, Fla. that Chrissie and John represent as touring pros, and John, 20, who plays on the tennis team at Vanderbilt. Jeanne, 23, the middle daughter, is a former national 12- and 14-and-under champion who was good enough to be a fringe player on the pro tour between 1973 and 1978. Clare, 13, is one of the best players in the country for her age. She also happens to be a bosom buddy of Chris' young rival, Andrea Jaeger. When Chris watches her little sister practice, Clare always wants to volley. "Come on, Daddy," she screams. "Just because I'm 13 and I can do it, and she still can't do it at 26!"

Jimmy had all the shots himself, too. He was an agile player, a Bobby Riggs type, good enough to reach the final 16 at Forest Hills in 1942, Ted Schroeder, the eventual champion, beat him in four long sets. Jimmy is a Notre Dame man, and after the war he came down to Fort Lauderdale and became pro at Holiday Park, the municipally owned tennis center. Fort Lauderdale was a jerkwater resort then, with maybe 30,000 residents and scads of beer-swilling college kids who descended on the beaches every spring. According to the latest census, Lauderdale has become the center of a metropolitan area of more than a million people, but Jimmy is still teaching at Holiday Park, still going home for lunch to the same house in which Chrissie grew up.

He never pushed his kids in practice. He didn't replay Schroeder through them. Indeed, had he been that way, "I would've rebelled," Chris says. Remember, she was dubious about this whole business of distaff perspiration to start with. "But I always did have a great sense of competition," she says, and she discovered that doing well on the courts meant glamour in the form of tournaments, travel, hotels and other tourist exotica.

Chris' life away from the courts was kept in balance by her mother, Colette, who remained more interested in whether her daughter's room was neat than in what trophies might adorn it. Colette traveled with Chrissie during her daughter's first few years as a pro. A gracious, open woman, she was, in many respects, accepted by the other players before the reserved Chris was.

But Chris was perfectly happy. "I'm just not a person to take risks. Never have been," she says. "I look back and see that I was too cautious in so many things I did in my life." She was an ideal daughter, never mischievous and, naturally, an A student at Aquinas. She would come home from some big-deal tournament and go out on a prom date. She shared a bedroom with Jeanne, and the two sisters would speak their own brand of pig Latin, inserting the letters "IV" before vowels. It was divandy, and it would go on like this forever, until Chris met a sun-kissed Prince Charming, which she surely would. Indeed, at 17 she was much more ready to fall madly in love with a nice 19-year-old Midwestern boy from a good Catholic family than to hang around locker rooms and hotel lobbies with career women 10 years her senior.



Since marrying, John has fallen to 331 and Chris is back to No. 1

Chrissie met Jimmy Connors at Wimbledon in 1972. She was already the baby doll of tennis, and although he was still largely unknown, they instantly discovered how similar their backgrounds and needs were. While their respective mothers went berserk back in their hotel rooms, Chrissie and Jimbo stayed up till four that first night, walking the London streets, baring their souls to each other. Whatever else has happened to them since, that moment still survives in some measure. "First love . . ." she says, trailing off, smiling, nothing more.

The romance was as idyllic and rocky as any first love, magnified all the more because it was played out in the public eye. They both won Wimbledon in the summer of '74 and would marry in the fall. It would have been so easy had Chrissie simply cooled to Jimbo. But it was much more complicated than that.

continued

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Chris reached the semis of Forest Hills at 16 and wowed both Jimbo and Wimbledon at 19



For the first time, something in her life didn't groove. "I started to have doubts about a permanent commitment," she says, "but I never had any doubts about Jimmy." Their relationship began developing strains soon after Wimbledon, and in October the wedding was called off.

Says Billie Jean King, "The way Chris loved Jimmy Connors tells you more about her than a lot of things. There's all that American Pie stuff you hear. And it *is* very important for her to live up to everyone's expectations. So a lot of people couldn't understand how she could love a guy like Jimmy. But he's a perfectionist, and that's why she adored him. She admires that in people. That's Chris, above all else."

Whatever, Evert Lloyd now says, "I was obsessed, totally consumed by the relationship. Afterward, I felt I had to start all over again to learn who I was. Then I was so alone and so lonely . . . and hurt." She grimaces and makes a clenched fist recalling Jimmy. One day recently at Chris' parents' house, she went through the mail and deadpanned to John, "Here, for you." It was a letter for Connors, care of her. They come regularly.

With the departure of Connors from her life began what will surely come to be considered the heart of her career. In this interregnum, when she was at her personal darkest, Evert Lloyd achieved her greatest feats, winning 94% of her matches and 72% of her tournaments. She was safe again, on the baseline.

During these years, there were some ballyhooed romances with the likes of Burt Reynolds and a President's son, Jack Ford, as Chris' schoolgirl dreams of finding a shining knight behind the picket fence next door were fading. She was, in effect, pricing herself out of that neighborhood. While heaven knows we read enough in the women's magazines about the castration anxieties that most men suffer when confronted with a successful female, that syndrome is all the more pronounced where a pretty woman athlete is concerned. Bad enough that the lady is famous and successful, but a heroine and better coordinated to boot—that's just too much. "I found that most men couldn't handle it, what I am," Evert Lloyd says, "and that only made me more uncomfortable."

It's revealing that, when Evert Lloyd's female friends speak of John, they invariably salute him foremost for his ability to subordinate himself without fretting that his masculinity is being undercut. "John even likes being in a supportive role," says King, "and that's important because Chris loves being No. 1. She loves being a superstar. Maybe she won't admit that to the world, but we've talked about it."

As soft and as pink as Evert Lloyd is, there's that hard blue vein that runs through her character. She shouldn't be surprised that the public discerned this, no matter how much she gussied herself up in ribbons and ruffles. The Ice Lolly is how the British first dubbed her—their term for Popsicle—and that was the most apt nickname, no matter what variations on the theme followed.

You see, the truth is that what was visible was accurate. There never was a tip of the iceberg with Chris Evert on the court; she won precisely because she was the underside of the iceberg, colder and harder than anyone suspected. Everything was poured into the game—but more out of addiction than affection, and that showed, too. "I wouldn't even call a friend on the day of a match," she says. "I'd be scared of disrupting my concentration. I couldn't allow any competition with tennis." She holds up her forefinger—No. 1—and continues, "Tennis was the foundation and security in my life, and I didn't dare risk losing it."

This attitude fed on itself. The more she dedicated herself to the sport, the more she used her success on the court as a gift to the people she loved, the harder it became for her to believe that any of the rest of her could be of value to them. She feared what the public might imagine about her—the mannish jock—and she couldn't understand that because fans didn't cotton to her repetitious kind of play didn't mean they despised her.

Yet it's also true that Evert Lloyd, as champion, never engendered the devotion that King attracted. Chrissie could never dare to abandon, symbolically, the sanctuary of the baseline and risk evoking that visceral kind of love (or hate) that was King's. But the fact is that Chris was very popular as a ponytailed prodigy, and this affection is returning as she's becoming more vulnerable as an older player. Especially with men she wasn't and isn't so threatening as a child or a grand dame (in tennis years) as she was

continued

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at the peak of her athletic life, when she exhibited that kind of coolness and steadfastness that males do not like to think reside in the fairer sex. And that she was a sweet Catholic Sunbelt all-American girl, packaged in frills, only frightened them all the more. It wasn't so much that they couldn't imagine the Ice Lolly sweating; they couldn't imagine her menstruating.

Yet even as Evert Lloyd piled up victories, she found more acceptance among her colleagues. It was the other players who first let the tennis world know that the kid was O.K., that she had an exceptional sense of humor and that she really wasn't perfect. You should hear what naughty words can tumble from Miss American Pie's mouth after a bad call. In 1975 Evert Lloyd succeeded King as the elected president of the WTA, and the jealousy and suspicion gave way to respect and fondness.

That helped, but the life of a traveling female athlete is much more difficult than the merely inconvenient one that male athletes must endure on the road. This is the first era in which large numbers of working women travel, and in an unusual profession like sports, where they journey in bunches, there's a natural tendency to circle the wagons. "It becomes like a family," says Casals. "No matter how well people may know you back home, they can't imagine what it's really like for you on the road, and so we tend to relate more and more to each other." Whether you're the No. 1 or the No. 100 player, establishing any sort of lasting friendships outside the traveling group is difficult, and in this weary vacuum of loneliness, sexual predators—of both genders—are on the prowl. There are many cases of female athletes who marry quickly, almost in desperation, after a brief time on the circuit. Of course, rarely do these marriages last, for the husband was chosen not so much to be a man as a talisman.

There are a few marriages between tennis players, but seldom do the tours of the opposite sexes cross, much less cross-pollinate. Chrissie and John had never so much as nodded to each other before she, a designing woman, contrived an introduction in the Tea Room at Wimbledon during the 1978 tournament. "Would you like to come over and say hello to Chris Evert?" asked the go-between. "Whatever for?" replied a baffled Lloyd.

They scheduled their first date alone for the evening of the day of the ladies' finals. That afternoon Chris lost to Martina Navratilova. "She just threw it away," John says. "Up 4–2 in the third. I was so confused. It seemed that she didn't really care if she won." He assumed that when he approached her afterward she would be so downcast that she wouldn't want to go out. "Of course I do," she said. "Why not?"

They were married the following April 17 in Fort Lauderdale. The bride wore an original Tinling gown of white satin, with 30 yards of Chantilly lace and 2,000 seed pearls. The groom, No. 25 in the world when he asked for her hand, had not won a match in seven months. He's now 331st on the computer. As you know, women go all to pieces when they fall in love.

The Lloyds are at a resort west of Tampa where John is attempting to qualify for a tournament. The resort has the word "Racquet" in the title to make it sound fancy. It's a brisk March morning, and the paying tourists are moaning. The Lloyds have had a hard time finding a place to stay, finally ending up in an elderly folks' health-food hostel. They sneak out to subsist on cheese Whoppers and pancakes.

John hangs out by the clubhouse with a bunch of other faceless guys in tennis sweats. He looks vaguely familiar to an alpacaed golfer passing by. "Who's that one—the good-looking guy?"

"John Lloyd."

"Who?"

"You know, Chris Evert's husband."

"Oh yeah." He examines John more closely. "She got a 10, didn't she?"

Chris is in the parking lot, out of the way, talking to another player's wife. She's just a wife this morning. Next to them some other tennis gypsy's wife nurses a baby as she waits for her husband to come back from the clubhouse. But this isn't a real tournament. It's just the qualifying for a tournament. Four spots in a draw of 32 have been left vacant, and about 70 hopefuls, including Chris Evert Lloyd's husband, are here at the Racquet place, praying to make the qualifying field of 48. If John gets in—which he does on this occasion—and then wins three rounds, he'll be one of four admitted to the first round of the regular tournament, there to meet a fresh player who ranks higher than he. This is the minefield that John must face week after week if he's to claw his way back.

Only 2½ years ago he stood 25th in the world. He was good enough to have beaten Bjorn Borg on red clay. He was one of Britain's two best players; in 1978 he helped lead his country to the Davis Cup final for the first time in 40 years. Now he says, "I can't get any worse without breaking my arm."

"But John's really eager," Chris says, trying to put the best face on the situation. "I haven't seen this attitude since we were married. Maybe he feels more secure about us now. He knows he can really get involved with tennis and it won't affect our marriage."

Although John fought his way through qualifying and made it to the quarters of the Jack Kramer Open last week, nobody else in tennis holds much hope for his comeback. By his own admission, he was never hungry and always easily distracted. "I can be self-destructive," he says. "Always before, I could drift along, and if I had a bad patch, I could eventually find my way back to my level. But it's tough when you get down in the 300s, and you're in the spotlight, too, and once you were 25th in the world, and you're married to the best player in the world . . ."

And you have to qualify.

"And you have to qualify."

That afternoon Chris watches John play Jim Delaney in his first qualifying match. He tries not to look over to where the few spectators are watching her watch him play. He feels it. "She wants me to do well more than she does herself," he says.

Chris hunches against a cold wind. "I'm devastated when he loses," she says. "I'd much rather play than watch. I know how much worse it is for him because of me. When I lose, I always feel that I've let down the people who love me. I always wanted to play well for others. I know how happy it makes them, because it makes me so happy when someone I love wins."

But it's Chrissie's curse that only she wins. The experience with her husband somewhat duplicates what she went

continued

through with her sister Jeanne got as high as nine in the country in 1974, but the better she became, the more glare, the more comparisons there were. The other Evert How would you like to be called the other *any*thing? Soon both Jeanne's game and her relationship with her sister deteriorated, and even now, years after Jeanne has left tennis and made her own happy home, she says she still has problems talking about Chris and what they went through.

"The strains were probably my fault," Jeanne says. "But she was just always so confident She was so tough No, not tough. That's not right. She's such a sensitive person ..." There is a sudden silence, and Jeanne starts to sob.

Why are you crying, Jeanne?

"Because Chris is so wonderful. That's all." Jeanne's husband, a Canadian accountant named Brahm Dubin, has had a kidney transplant, and a few days earlier Chris and John had journeyed to Montreal, donating their services for an exhibition that made $30,000 for the Kidney Foundation. "She was always there when I needed her," Jeanne says. "She was always so generous and loyal. But it was just that she was so ... so *assured* on the court. And, finally, that was too much for me."

Jeanne started eating compulsively, putting on too much weight. "I think that must have been my fault," Chris told a friend not long ago. Now she says, "I've never felt guilty about Jeanne. No, not about John, either. I don't dwell on the fact that I'm No. 1. But I do know my brothers and sisters have had it hard at times because of me, and I've felt sad about that."

Jeanne has lost most of that extra weight, and she and her husband have recently moved to the Fort Lauderdale area. "I left as a tennis player. I needed to be away," she says. "But now I'm more of a person. I'm coming back as a wife. I'll be a mother. Chris and I are much closer again, but still, it's going to take a while longer."

Chris says, "Yeah, I think it's all O.K. with Jeanne now." She pauses, and smiles. "We're both married now." As you can see, that takes care of a lot of things in the Evert family.

And it's O.K. with John for the same reason. He's a secure young man, without guile. Of course, he and the missus do worry occasionally about his tennis. "I don't know what I'll do when I'm finished playing," Chris says, "and that frustrates me because I'm not trained for anything else. But then, I've never been a planner. I'm a dreamer. John and I talk more about what he will do. I mean, what if he doesn't get it back? Because for a man to do nothing—that's tragic."

At the Racquet place, John takes the first set from Delaney 6–1. He's really rolling, though he keeps giving away close calls. "Damn," Chris says with a laugh, "I just can't Americanize him." One spectator gives her a towel to wrap around her shoulders for warmth. Another lends her his jacket and, at an odd-game break, asks her to pose for a snapshot with him. There is no such thing as a free jacket.

John falters a bit, but he holds on to win the second set and the match. He's not pleased with the way he's played, though. He can't find any rhythm; he can't get back into the habit of winning. The following day, in his second qualifying match, he's up 4–2 on Jaime Fillol in the opening set, but then folds, losing 6–4, 6–4. "He just handed that over," Chris says. "Just surrendered—mentally, I mean. When you've been No. 25, it's so hard."

But understood by the Lloyds, if never quite said by them, is that there's no tragedy here. Twenty-five in the world is nothing to sneeze at, and if that's the highest you can reach, and you also happen to be charming and popular, bright and handsome, and money is no problem, life can go ahead remarkably well.

There was a symbolic moment last September when Chrissie's men passed each other, like ships in the night. Jimmy Evert, who has high blood pressure and diverts Chris' attention when he is at her matches, was invited up from Fort Lauderdale to watch her play Hana Mandlikova in the finals of the U.S. Open. Remarkably, it was the first time he had ever seen his daughter win a major championship, and everybody made a big to-do about that. But the real significance was not that it was the first of Chris' big victories that Jimmy had ever seen, but that it was the first really important tournament Chris had ever won as Mrs. J.M. Lloyd. There, in the box at Flushing Meadow, not in the chancel at Fort Lauderdale, was when Jimmy really gave the bride away. John will be all right.

In the five years or so, from 1974 on, when Chris really ruled the sport, she was so good that she says she "cruised" most of the time. A more emotional, diversified player might have grown bored with easy pickings and experimented some, but Chris just carried on, controlled, consistent, without taking chances.

"There were no great athletes for me to contend with," she says. "Evonne never worked hard enough, and Billie Jean admits she wasn't in good shape. Margaret Court was a player *and* an athlete, that's true, but she lacked the third aspect, the psychological. There are much better athletes now. Tracy is more like me, just a player, but Hana and Andrea are such wonderful athletes. I'm not convinced about Hana yet, though. She can't put players away. She seems more like Evonne. But Andrea seems to have everything—the tennis, the athletic and the psychological."

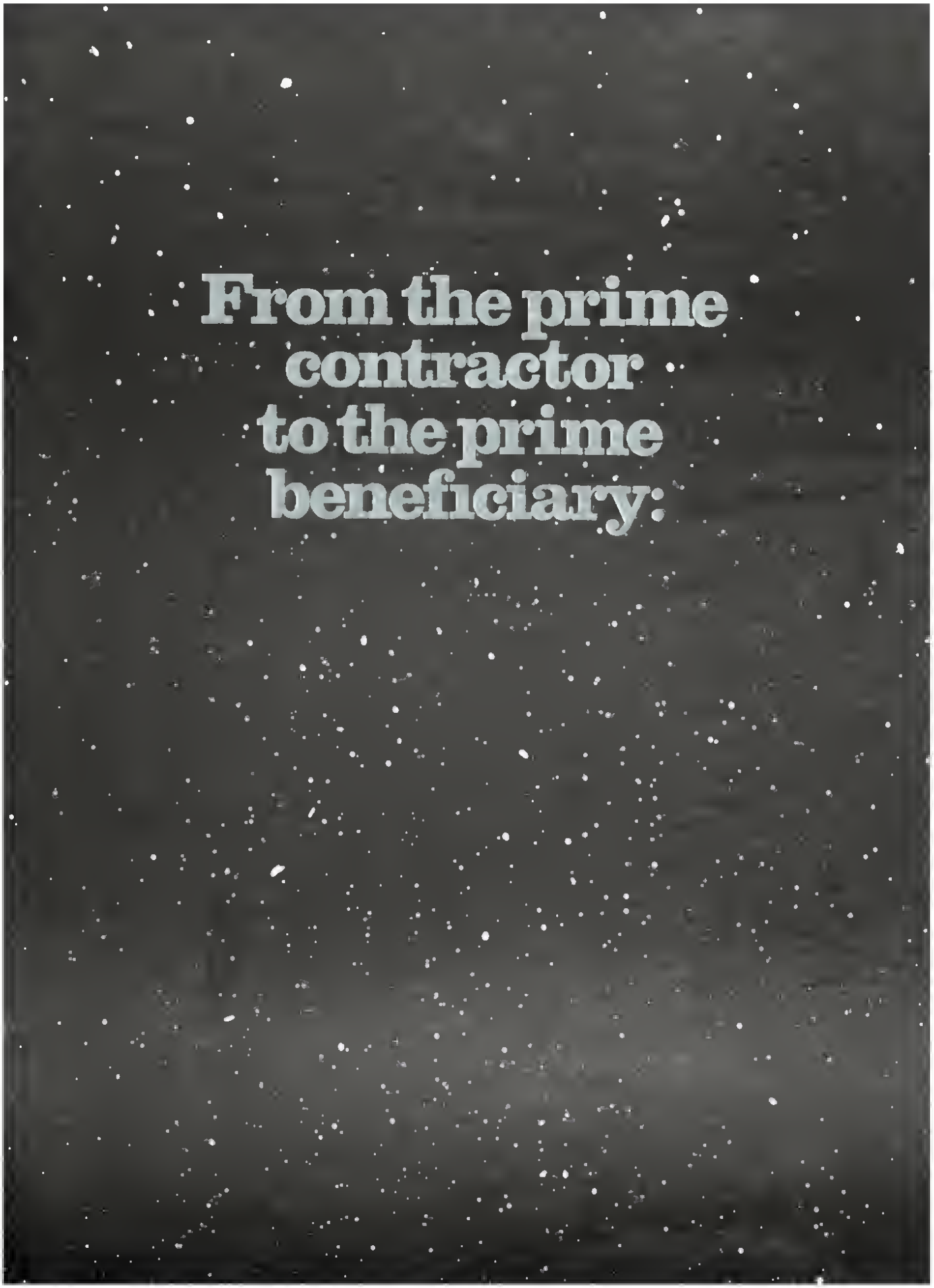
Navratilova began to press the champion on fast surfaces in the late '70s. Then, more or less simultaneously, came Chris' marriage—which left her too happy to play when John was with her and too sad when he was away—and the ascendancy of Austin. "Your clone," as John McEnroe pegged her to Chris.

In the spring of '79, right after the Lloyds' honeymoon, Austin ended Chris' clay-court streak, and a few months later, at Flushing Meadow, she denied Chris her fifth straight U.S. Open, which would have been a record. By 1980, Austin was thrashing Evert Lloyd at will. She beat her five straight, the last three in straight sets in a space of 10 days. When Evert Lloyd lost yet another final, this time to Navratilova on Jan. 27 in Chicago, Leaird came out to console her. "It doesn't matter," Chris said. "I just don't want to be here."

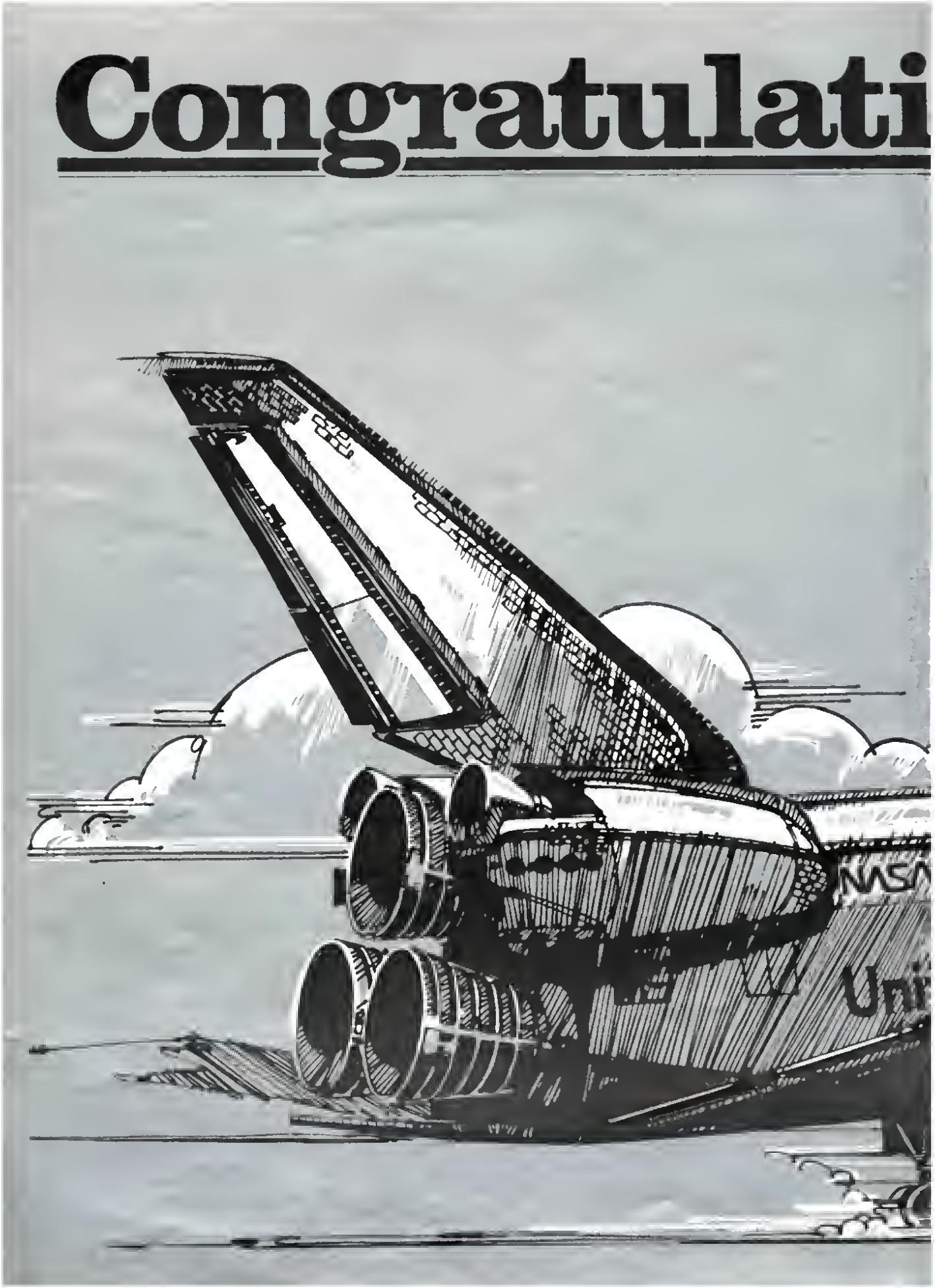
In February, she quit, 25 years old and burned out. But, to no great surprise, after she lallygagged around with John for a few weeks, the juices started to flow again. By May she was back in the hunt.

Press Conference Question: What did you do all that time when you weren't playing tennis?

continued


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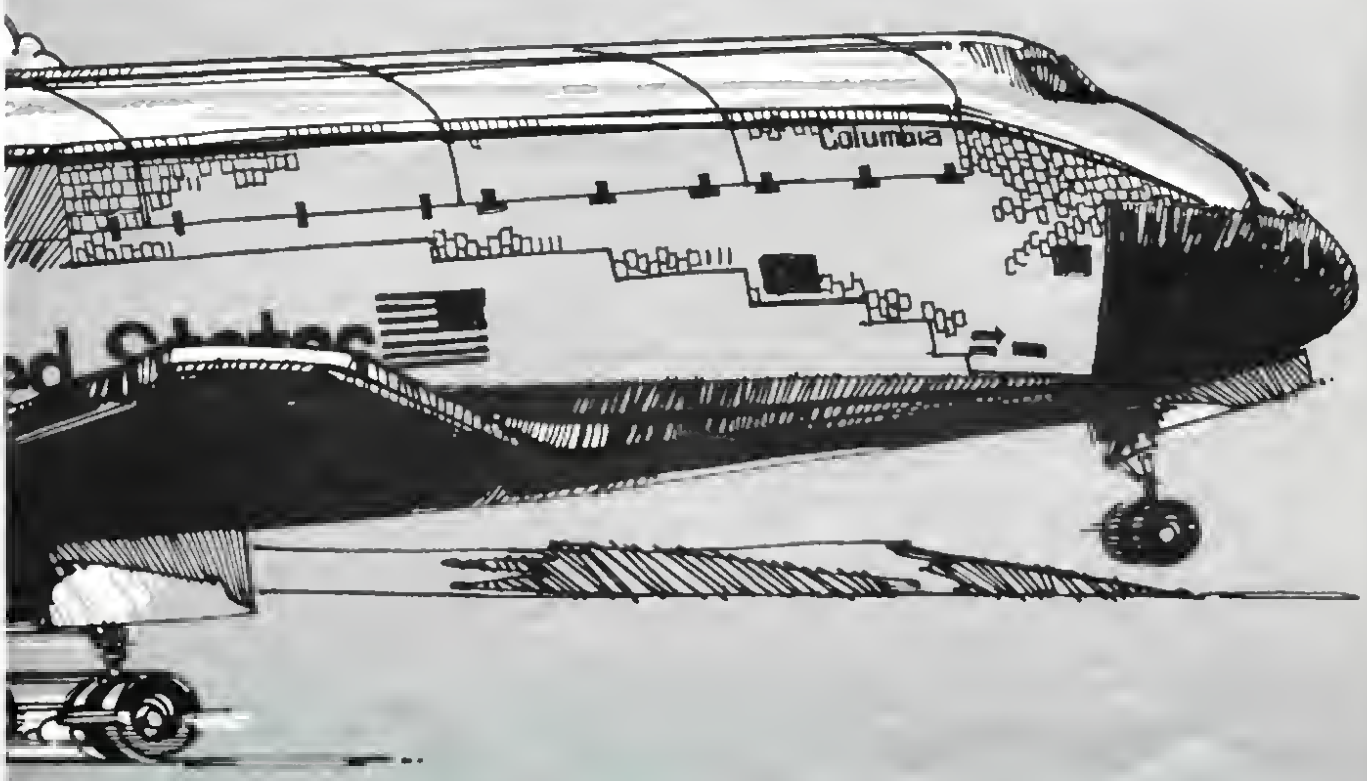
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Evert Lloyd (long pause, stage leer, excellent timing, loving this): "Well, I'm a married woman now, you know."

She came back with a vengeance, winning the Italian and the French (albeit against lackluster fields) and a grass-court tune-up from Goolagong before nipping Navratilova in the semis at Wimbledon. The showdown with Austin was postponed because Goolagong had eliminated her in the other semi. Then Goolagong upset Chris in the finals, one of only three losses she has suffered in the year she has been back.

Of course, not all the other victories counted as much, even cumulatively, as the semifinal defeat of Austin at Flushing Meadow last year. Nothing came easily at the Open. John had given up his own game after getting whipped in the first round at Wimbledon, and he worked with Chris all summer toward this duel. Then, shortly before she finally could face Austin, Chris got her period. In the quarterfinals, she was lucky to get by Mima Jausovec, a player she normally handles with ease. Only by a matter of hours was she ready for Austin. Finally, then, she said, "I think I can win, John."

But Austin took the first four games, blew Evert Lloyd away as surely as she had in all those matches the previous winter. "Those times I had just quit," Chris says. "I mean mentally, but quit just the same. You see, when Tracy and I play, our styles are so much alike it's really a battle of the mind. And I could have quit again this time, when she had me four-love. But I didn't. I changed my game. I did. I started hitting out more." She was the woman now, and for the first time, too, perhaps the crowd could envision the person hitting the strokes, not just see the strokes themselves. Austin held on to win the first set, 6–4, but after that it was a rout for Evert Lloyd, one and one, and she was first in the world again.

"I've always had one person in my life—one man," she says. "First my father, then Jimmy, now John. That night five years ago, when I won Wimbledon but was still so sad, I was glad for that in a way. I knew for sure at that moment that tennis wasn't the only thing in my life. I don't want tennis to be my only love. I'm a person who has to give."

Yet, it's also true that in what she did for herself last year—just plain up and quitting, and coming back and scratching out the victory over Austin—Evert Lloyd gave herself something that no one else ever could have provided her. Getting married to an understanding dreamboat was not, as it turned out, the culmination of her youth. No, given Evert Lloyd's upbringing, that was merely something in the cards, something she had to get out of the way before she went about finishing the task of forming herself.

"You see," Casals says, "Tracy is still a caterpillar, but now Chris is a butterfly, and everything will be perfect now. She has the perfect husband and the perfect life, and when the baby comes, don't worry, it'll be the right thing to do at the right time. And someday Chris will play with her in mother-daughter tournaments. It's all there. It's perfect. It's Hollywood. It's a fairy tale."

Somewhere now, Chris laughs. Chris kisses John. Chris puts on tight T shirts. Chris tells jokes. Chris practices volleying. Chris streaks her hair and wears it just like John. The absolute self-assurance she has always manifested on the court that so frightened her own sister now shows up off the court as a fluid kind of confidence and maturity.

Traveling, she never carries her rackets anymore and delights that sometimes she goes undetected. "They're all looking for that porky little kid they've seen on television," she says, laughing. At Wimbledon last year, a cloying story in the *Daily Mirror* about Britain's tennis sweethearts began, "She has the best boobs in the business, but he has the best pins. . . ."

"Do you have any comment on this sentence?" Mike Lupica of the New York *Daily News* asked her in a mock-serious tone, brandishing a copy of the *Mirror*.

"Absolutely," Evert Lloyd replied straightaway in kind. "It's high time that the press finally got one thing right about me."

Even her appearance on court has been modified, her traditional one-piece dresses having been replaced this year by the racier Continental separates she wears for her new *couturier*, Ellesse. Evert Lloyd has also taken to wearing bobby sox instead of those cutesy-poo little numbers with the pompons, which is, for tennis, a fashion footwear bombshell on the order of Baryshnikov suddenly appearing at Lincoln Center in galoshes.

But there also are some things that don't change: the dainty barrettes holding her hair just so, the polished fingernails, the old-fashioned wood racket, the inscrutable, placid face, never revealing emotions even if a reddening nose gives some clue to the exertions taking place. Watch very carefully and you'll notice a slight grimace whenever an opponent hits a drop shot to lure her to the net, but that's all, just gritted teeth. When she serves, it's not a grunt she utters like other tennis mortals but a soft sigh, and as she prepares to receive a serve, she doesn't bounce about so much as she dances for us. At the conclusion of each shot, wherever she is on the court, her left hand reaches for the throat of the racket, ready to grasp the handle for a backhand. Occasionally, between points, she will touch a palm to her hip, drying her hand delicately. While resting during changeovers, other players may flop down, legs out; Evert Lloyd always makes sure to sit straight up, tucking one leg back, heel up on the chair leg, the other slightly extended, as if she were awaiting tea. Listen, it's not that bad to take up sweating, so long as you do it stylishly.

"She came along at a time when the audience expects to be involved, to be a part of you," Tinling says. "And the audience could see right away that she didn't want that. She had to learn to impose her own distinctive stardom, and she has become the most gracious world champion I've ever seen. At a time when controversy and manners have been called up for discussion, Chris has forever proved to be that thing my mother would have called a lady.

"And that Chris has a heart of steel and makes no bones about it—that makes this accomplishment all the more impressive." That's why the lady is a jock.

Chris cuddles up on the couch next to John. "Oh, I was so rigid," she says. "So cautious. But I'll get there eventually. I will. I'm not there yet, but I'm getting there."

Will you even start to go to the net?

"I'll be so much more passionate," she answers instead, and she throws her arms round John's neck and kisses him full on the lips, so that he has to laugh at all the things she can, with assurance, do away from the baseline now. END



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ON THE SCENE

by ROY BONGARTZ

ENTHUSED AMERICANS NOW EMULATE SCOTS WHA HAE WI' SHEEPDOGS TREAD

A trim, ruddy-faced Scot named Jack Knox clasps the top of a shepherd's crook as he stands before a tall wooden post in an Alabama meadow. Beside him a small black and white border collie peers out to the far end of the field 300 yards away, where five sheep are hopping out of the end of a livestock trailer. Now a woman on horseback keeps the sheep in place as the trailer is driven away. The dog quivers with excitement as his master gives him a signal—a downward-pointing finger—that sends him tearing off along one side of the field.

Giving the sheep a wide berth, the collie circles back behind them. Knox gives a "tweet" by blowing through two fingers placed in his mouth and the dog stops cold, drops down low in the grass and fixes the sheep with a steady, mesmerizing eye, causing them to mill about nervously. Two long whistled notes bring the dog to his feet and into a menacing, step-by-step approach. The sheep move forward in a group, heading toward a seven-yard gap between two lengths of wooden fence, but then they veer off left. "Come by, Craig!" Knox shouts. The collie zooms wide around the left flank of the sheep, nudging them as if by magic, from 50 feet away, back into a line that takes them trotting neatly through the gap. As Craig follows them through, Knox bellows to the dog, "Lie down, mon! Take your time!"

When Knox cries, "Way to me!" to bring Craig craftily around the right flank of the sheep, there are murmured echoes of "Way to me!" from some of the spectators in folding chairs behind him. They are sheepdog handlers, too, competitors in trials that had them out every day for a week last October.

These particular trials, the American Grand Finals, drew some three dozen handlers, with two or three dogs apiece, from all over the South and Midwest to this farmland outside Dothan, Ala. Raymond MacPherson, an international sheepdog authority, came all the way from his 4,000-acre sheep farm in the north of England to judge the trials. Tall, with a craggy countenance, MacPherson presided over the trials sternly, allowing no crime or misdemeanor on the part of dog or master to go unremarked in the somewhat complicated scoring, which he handled entirely on his own.

A bad error in border colliemanship is allowing a dog to lose control with that masterful evil eye of his so that the sheep (or other animals) run off helter-skelter while the shepherd, back at the stake, shouts himself hoarse or whistles himself out of breath. But an even worse offense than this is "gripping," meaning dog bites sheep. That dog scores zero.



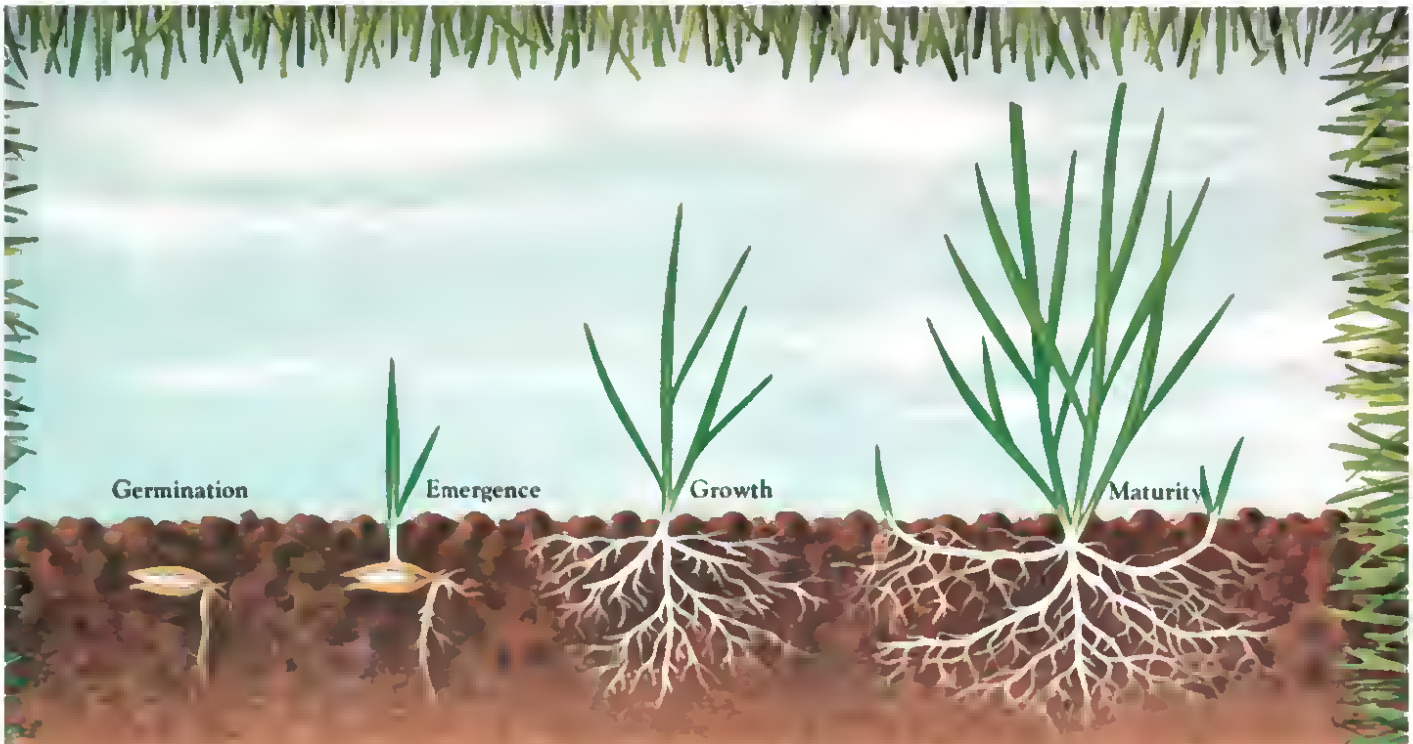
The idea at these competitions, which have become so very popular in the last few years that there is usually one in progress somewhere in the U.S. every weekend, is to simulate the regular work-a-day chores of the border collie as he gathers, separates and drives livestock on sheep and cattle ranches. These demonstrations originated in Scotland more than a century ago and in Britain and Ireland still attract mainly working shepherds, who take a few days off to compete. American trials, on the other hand, attract a new breed of sportsman whose main interest is running his dogs in competition. Often the dogs are brought to the U.S. from Scotland already trained (they cost up to $3,000 plus $600 air fare) with a tape recording of the original trainer's voice for the new owner to imitate. The attempts of some of the handlers from Tennessee or Texas to catch nuances of the Scottish accent have not been very successful.

"For us this is what a game of golf is for other people," says Jim Bob McEwen, who runs a poultry farm in Decatur, Ind., where his dogs regularly move a flock of 9,600 turkeys from one field to another. Many dog owners load up a van or pickup with two or three portable kennels and take their collies to local weekend competitions or to bigger events, such as the Dothan trials, which can involve days of driving. Two Tennessee cattlemen, Stan Moore of Knoxville and Bill Wyatt of Kingston, had put 3,600 miles on their trucks to appear in a series of trials in Texas before arriving in Alabama. Because the dogs must work with livestock frequently in order to keep sharp for the trials, many owners who don't raise sheep—most of the American handlers are cattlemen—go out and buy a few for their dogs to chase around in practice.

Border collie people are convinced their dogs are the smartest of all breeds. "They have such a desire to please," says Wyatt, a tall Jimmy Stewart type who uses his dogs to herd cattle into a corner of a field when the cattle are to be sprayed. "The dogs know which ones have been sprayed because those don't have any flies around them," says Wyatt.

First-time spectators at a trial need some time to figure out what is going on. Before a row of people sitting on folding chairs or in truck cabs, a handler stands at a post making high-pitched, shrill whistles that seem hardly loud enough to carry to the dog. The sheep stray here and there, the dog runs, circles, stops and starts, and there seems no point to it all until you learn what the standard route consists of: bringing in the sheep through the first gap (the fetch), driving them outward through another gap, and across the field to still another (the drive), and then moving them into an eight-by-eight-foot fenced enclosure without coming into contact with the sheep (the penning). Finally, the han-

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dler tries to poke his crook between one sheep and the rest of the herd so that his dog can cut the single animal away from the others. This produces much milling about, and the handlers say the shed, as the operation is called, depends for its success on the luck of the draw, for some sheep are tractable and some are not. Some will stick together as if glued and others will shoot away like spilled marbles and disappear among the parked pickups and campers, causing lost points and ending the trial before its 11-minute limit has been reached. Each part of the trial is worth 10 or 20 points; a perfect score is 110. The high scorer in the finals, at Dothan, was Knox with his dog Craig, who made 95. That won Knox a huge silver tray from the Governor of Alabama, Fob James.

Border collies aren't bred for beauty but make up for their sometimes scruffy looks by a willingness to obey, to please the master, to do their duty. R.T. Averitt, who raises sheep in Trenton, Ky., says he has a dog who can think for himself. "I gave him the wrong order once and he just stopped, stared at me and waited until I corrected the command," Averitt says. But a Scottish writer on the breed, R.B. Robertson, doesn't agree. Says Robertson: "The brain behind the marvelous maneuvers the dog executes upon the hill is the brain of the shepherd. The intelligence quotient of the dog, if assessed on human scale, would be well down in the imbecile grade."

When each trial ends, the master tells the dog, "That'll do," which is supposed to bring him off the animals he's been herding and over to his owner's hand. The dog will get a pat on the head if he has done well. Neither hand nor stick is used in the dogs' training, the worst punishment for disobedience being the master's words, in a low voice—preferably with Scottish burr, of course—"Come in, ye wee whore ye!"

A British government estimate, based on pedometers attached to working dogs, is that the average dog runs nearly 100 miles a day, or about 14 miles for every mile hiked by the shepherd. Neal Crook, a kennel owner from Waco, Texas, says the collies are much better than ranch hands because, for one thing, "You don't have to roust 'em out of the drunk tank in the county jail on Monday morning." Their pay is a bed in a box in a barn and maybe a note of pride in the farmer's voice when he cries, "That'll do!" **END**



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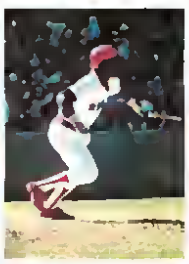
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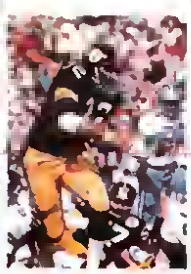
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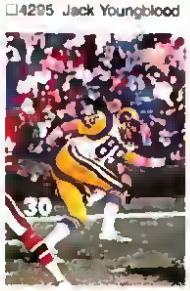
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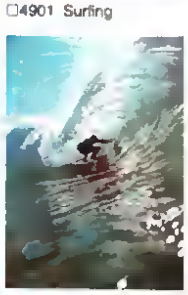
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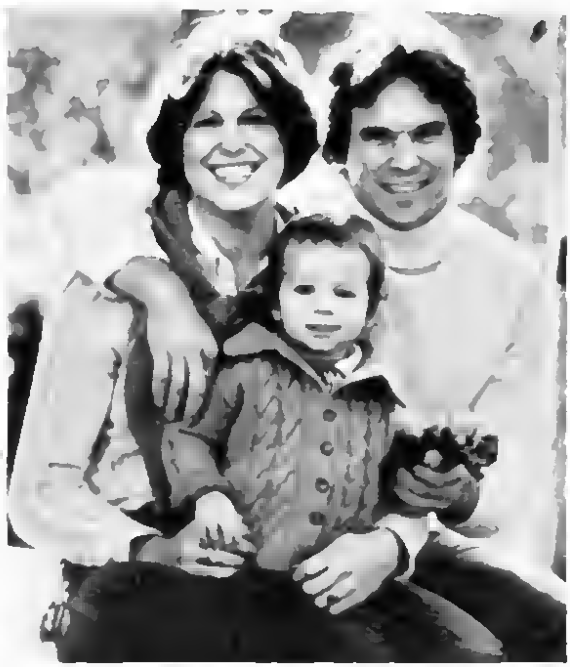
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 13-19

Compiled by N. BROOKS CLARK

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA. After Boston beat Chicago in four games, all three remaining quarterfinal playoff series went the full seven. Philadelphia finally eliminated Milwaukee (*page 24*) to move into the semifinals against the Celtics. In the Western Conference, the underdog Rockets took a 3–2 lead over the Spurs on a 123–117 triumph at San Antonio's HemisFair Arena behind 36 points by Calvin Murphy and 34 by Moses Malone. Malone scored 36 the following night, but the Spurs got 26 from George Gervin to win 101–96 in Houston's Summit and even the series at 3–3. The Rockets won the series clincher 105–100, Murphy getting 42 points, to become the first NBA team since the St. Louis Hawks in 1966-67 to make the semis with a losing record—40–42 in Houston's case—in regular season play. Kansas City, which was also 40–42 during the regular season, soon became the second. Ahead 3–1 in their series with Phoenix, the Kings lost 101–89, with the Suns' Truck Robinson getting 20 rebounds and 81–76 before winning their place opposite Houston in the semis with a 95–88 triumph on Sunday.

WBL. In the best-of-five league championship series, the Nebraska Wranglers won the opener 89–72 over Dallas as the Wranglers' Rosie Walker and Marie Kocurek each got 19 points and the Diamond star, Nancy Lieberman, sprained her right ankle in the second quarter and missed the rest of the game. Wearing high-topped sneakers, Lieberman scored 31 points in the Diamonds' 106–93 Game 2 victory in Omaha and had 19 points in a 96–88 third game triumph in Dallas. The Diamonds had a 12-point lead going into the fourth quarter of Game 4, but Nebraska rallied, taking the lead with 1:19 left and clinching the 94–93 win on a nine-footer by Charlotte Lewis with 12 seconds remaining.

BOWLING—WAYNE WEBB defeated Mark Roth 227–199 to win the $95,000 Greater Hartford Open in Windsor Locks, Conn.

DIVING—At the U.S. Indoor Championships in Columbus, Ohio, GREG LOUGANIS won the one- and three-meter springboard events—for the fourth and third time, respectively—and BRUCE KIMBALL repeated as the 10-meter platform winner. DIANE DUDECK placed first in the women's one-meter, while MEGAN NEYER was No. 1 in the women's three-meter. WENDY WYLAND triumphed in the platform competition.

GOLF—LEE TREVINO defeated Ray Floyd by two strokes to win the $300,000 Tournament of Champions in Carlsbad, Calif. He had a 15-under-par 273.

AMY ALCOTT carded a two-over-par 221 to win a $106,000 tournament in Kawasaki, Japan by two strokes over Ayako Okamoto.

BETH DANIEL survived a five way playoff to win a $100,000 LPGA tournament in Orlando, Fla. She shot a seven-under-par 281 in regulation play.

DAVE EICHELBERGER, who tied Bob Murphy and Mark O'Meara with a 17-under-par 271 in regulation play, won the $100,000 Tallahassee Open in sudden death.

HOCKEY—In the first week of the NHL best-of-seven quarterfinal Stanley Cup play, Minnesota went up 3–0. The North Stars beat Buffalo 3–2. Steve Payne getting the game-winner 22 seconds into overtime. 5–2 with Steve Christoff and Dino Ciccarelli scoring two goals each, and 6–4 in Bloomington. The Islanders kept Edmonton's Wayne Gretzky in check for two games—he had only 2 points in Games 1 and 2—en route to triumphs of 8–2 with Clark Gillies and Denis Potvin scoring twice each, 6–3 with Potvin getting a hat trick, but then lost 5–2 as Gretzky scored thrice. St. Louis won the first game of its series with the Rangers 6–3, and the teams were tied 3–3 at 8:29 into the third period of Game 2 when Blues defenseman Jack Brownschidle tripped New York Right Wing Anders Hedberg. Result: a penalty shot, the eighth in Stanley Cup history and the first since 1979. Hedberg took the puck at center ice, skated straight at Goalie Mike Liut, faked right and scored through Liut's legs. The final score: Rangers 6, Blues 4. New York went up two games to one with a 6–3 victory on Sunday. In the opener of the Flyers-Flames series, Philadelphia got a 4–0 shutout from Goalie Rick St. Croix, who turned away 35 shots. Calgary then won 5–4 and 2–1. Pat Riggin, in the nets for the Flames, turned away 47 shots in Game 3.

HORSE RACING—OBRAZTSOVY ($3.40), ridden by Patrick Valenzuela, defeated Exploded by a neck to win the $200,000 San Juan Capistrano Handicap on the wet grass at Santa Anita. The 4-year-old covered the 1⅛ miles in 2:50⅗.

PLEASANT COLONY ($27.40), Jeffrey Fell onboard, beat Highland Blues by three lengths—and favorite Cure the Blues by eight—to win the $163,800 Woody Memorial at Aqueduct. The 3-year-old colt ran the 1⅛ miles in 1:49⅗ (*page 32*).

PARISTO ($17.80), David Ashcroft up, defeated Pass the Tab by half a length to win the $155,500 Illinois Derby at Sportsman's Park. The 3-year-old colt did the 1⅛ miles in 1:49⅗ (*page 32*).

MARATHON—TOSHIHIKO SEKO of Japan won the 85th Boston Marathon in 2:09:26, the best time ever recorded in the United States. ALLISON ROE of New Zealand placed first among the women in 2:26:46. It was the second-fastest marathon ever run by a woman.

SOCCER—Of the 10 NASL games of the week, five were shutouts. Minnesota Goaltender Tino Lettieri had seven saves in the Kicks' 1–0 triumph at Chicago. Hubert Birkenmeier, goalie of the Cosmos, got his shutout 3–0 at Dallas as his teammate Seninho (short for Arsenio Jardim) scored twice. Tulsa's Zeljko Bilecki blanked Calgary 1–0, and Washington's Jimmy (Dracula) Brown shut down Fort Lauderdale by the same score. The lone goal in that game came on a header by Diplomat David McGill. The star of Tampa Bay's 2–0 shutout of Jacksonville was Goaltender Winston DuBose, a native of nearby Orlando. Elsewhere, Vancouver beat Portland 2–1 on an overtime goal by Peter (Thunderfoot) Lorimer, and Montreal defeated Toronto 2–1 on two goals by Forward Andy Parkinson.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: As basketball coach at Georgia Tech, BOBBY CREMINS, 33, who had a 100–70 record in six seasons at Appalachian State.

As basketball coach at Rice, TOMMY SLITTS, 33, who has been an assistant with the Owls for two years. He replaces Mike Schuler, who resigned to become an assistant with the New Jersey Nets.

RESIGNED: As basketball coach at Duke, BOB ORTEGEL, 40, who had a seven-year record of 91–103, to become an executive with a pizza chain.

As coach of the Canadiens, CLAUDE RUEL, 42, who guided Montreal to a 45–22–13 regular-season record and elimination by Edmonton in the first playoff round.

CREDITS

4—Hal Stoelzle. 23—Jerry Wachter. 24—Paul Kennedy. 25—John Iacono. 28—Heinz Kluetmeier. 27—John Iacono. 28—Paul Kennedy (top), Buck Miller. 31—Heinz Kluetmeier. 32,33—Jerry Cooke. 34—Michael Coars (left), Andy Hayt (bottom), Jerry Cooke (2). 38—Andy Hayt (top), Michael Coars (right), Bill Luster. 39—Bill Luster. 43,46—Peter Read Miller. 51—Roger Jensen/Oregon Journal. 67—Fred Kaplan. 68—courtesy ABC. 60—Peter Read Miller. 74—Bennett Yeti. 76—Tony Triolo. 81—Alan Ota, Larry Brazil.

FACES IN THE CROWD



DAVID STAFFORD
BRONXVILLE, N.Y.

Stafford, a 43-year-old hospital supplies manager, defeated Bill Rubin of White Plains, N.Y. 9–15, 13–15, 16–14, 15–8 and 15–10 to win the 65th national squash tennis tournament in New York City. It was Stafford's first such championship.



NATALIE KAAIAWAHIA
FULLERTON, CALIF.

Natalie, who is a 6-foot, 170-pound sophomore at Fullerton Union High, put the 8.8-pound shot 50' 1¼" to surpass the girls' national high school interscholastic record of 50' 1¼" established a year ago by Elaine Sobansky of Washington, Pa.



KENT FERGUSON
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

Kent, a senior at Washington High, won his fourth consecutive state diving title. His point total in an earlier meet was 590.85 for 11 dives, an all-time Iowa best. He was unbeaten in high school competition during his last three seasons.



MICHAEL MARX
PORTLAND, ORE.

Marx, 23, a fencer at Portland State, beat Greg Massialas of San Jose State 10–6 in Portland to win the men's foil title of the North American Cup series. He also won the first two events of the series in New York City and San Jose.



STACEY OEAN
HARRISBURG, PA.

Stacey, 18, a 6-foot forward at Susquehanna Township High, finished her basketball career with 2,281 points and 2,525 rebounds in 132 games, for averages of 17.3 and 19.1, respectively. The Ladies were 127–5 with her in the lineup.



MIKE FUENTES
MIAMI

Fuentes, a senior centerfielder at Florida State, hit the 56th home run of his college career in the Seminoles' 7–0 victory over Jacksonville to tie the NCAA record held since 1978 by Bob Horner, now of the Atlanta Braves.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

YANKEE DOODLING

Sir:

The Yankees "destined for third" behind the Brewers and Orioles (Scouting Reports, April 13)? William Nack must be joking. How can a team that wins 103 regular-season games and adds Dave Winfield and Jerry Mumphrey to the lineup not be given a chance by SI to win the American League East? You can bet that once October rolls around and the Yanks are No. 1 again, you'll be hearing from me.

DOUG DIMITRI
Delaware, Ohio

Sir:

William Nack (who's he?) says, "New York's most pressing problem could develop at catcher." He's worried that Rick Cerone will tire early in 1981 after a long season last year. Sure, Rick caught 147 games last year, but Johnny Bench and others have done as much several times. Face it, Cerone was the most consistent catcher in the American League last summer.

TRIPP SARGENT
Chatham, N.J.

Sir:

The Yankees third? Never! And how can you question Ron Guidry, who won 17 games in 1980 and has had one of the best winning percentages in the majors the past three years, yet see promise in Milwaukee's Mike Caldwell, who won only 13 games in 1980 and is definitely on a steeper downslide than Louisiana Lightning?

DAVID SCHORR
Lawrenceville, N.J.

MANAGERS

Sir:

A picture certainly can be worth a thousand words. The photographs accompanying the article on managers (*He's Hired to Be Fired*, April 13) spoke volumes. The forlorn gaze of Billy Martin told the story of his trials and tribulations as manager of the Twins, Tigers, Rangers, Yankees, the Yanks again and now the A's. The shot of a clowning Tommy Lasorda typified the country club atmosphere of the L.A. (Hollywood) Dodgers. The topper, however, was the picture of the relaxed and confident skipper of the Baltimore Orioles. I imagine that a career winning percentage of .599, which Earl Weaver has for his 12½ seasons with the Orioles, can do that for a manager.

DAVID SIMON
Madison, Wis.

Sir:

On the last page of his fine article about major league managers, Ron Fimrite made the statement that only six of the 26 current skippers might be called first-rate major league players—Frank Robinson, Frank Howard, Billy Martin, Joe Torre, Bill Virdon and Jim Fregosi. Error on Fimrite for trying to throw out Maury Wills.

ARCHIE TATE
Mondovi, Wis.

TRICKS

Sir:

Steve Wulf's article *Tricks of the Trade* (April 13) brought back a flood of memories of the days when, as youths, my friends and I sat at the knees of older ballplayers and listened with awe to similar tales of baseball shenanigans. We even dared to experiment with some of the tricks. While you recounted most of them, you overlooked one that can negate some of the hitting-power differences so apparent in the early teens. By heating or freezing a baseball one can adjust its elasticity and thus the distance it can be hit. Another trick learned from a former major-leaguer is to bake rosin on the bat to increase friction on the hitting surface.

Although these tricks have no ethical place in amateur or professional baseball, they certainly contribute to a more scientific approach to the game and to the already rich lore surrounding it.

JEAN MCCARTHY
North Mankato, Minn.

Sir:

As Steve Wulf noted toward the end of the article, chicanery and baseball have gone hand in hand for a long time. In fact, in his book, *The Americans: A Social History of the United States 1587-1914*, J.C. Furnas suggests that baseball may have become widely popular in its infancy after the Civil War at least partly because its "moral aspects" approximated those of the developing Gilded Age. Furnas says, "Few other team sports so openly assume that any player in his right mind will consistently take all possible unfair advantage and break any rule when there is a chance of impunity. . . . The atmosphere of a baseball game accepts the stacking of all decks—pretty much the atmosphere of Wall Street c. 1870."

Baseball players are warned from early childhood of the dangers of the hidden ball, yet only two weeks ago Oakland successfully pulled it off against Minnesota. To me, this is one of the game's charms, though an embarrassing one to the victim. I still remember the agony of an incautious stroll off first in an American Legion game some 25 years ago.

ALAN R. MULNIX
Falls Church, Va.

NEW LEGEND

Sir:

It was with a smile that I read Ray Kennedy's article on Gerry Faust (*The Irish Have Flipped Over Faust*, April 13). As a trainer for Coach Faust for two years at Cincinnati's Moeller High School, I have long had Faust fever. Faust instilled in me a belief and a work ethic that have carried me through college and into my business career. Now the time has come for the whole country to watch him in action. Those of us who know him are certain he will succeed at Notre Dame. A new legend has begun.

STEPHEN J. BYRNES
Corona del Mar, Calif.

Sir:

Lucky Notre Dame! Gerry Faust will bring a new honesty and freshness to the ranks of college football coaches. He's almost enough to make a Notre Dame fan out of me.

CARLOS H. RODRÍGUEZ, M.D.
Grand Rapids

Sir:

So Notre Dame was the runaway winner in the 1981 recruiting wars? What else is new. Notre Dame annually attracts top high school talent from all over the country, but you can't tell that by its record. In my opinion, no other team, amateur or professional, does so little with so much. Until the Irish secure a coach and some players who can perform up to their ability, they will continue to be nothing but an overpublicized football team.

JACK DYNIEC
Johnstown, Pa.

Sir:

I very much enjoyed your article about Gerry Faust, but I take issue with your comment that he is "the only head coach Notre Dame has ever selected from the high school ranks." During the 1950s, Notre Dame selected Terry Brennan from Chicago's Mount Carmel High.

BOB KLEIN
Notre Dame '52
Birmingham, Mich.

• Brennan was hired as freshman coach the year before he succeeded Frank Leahy as head man.—ED

GOLF LESSON

Sir:

It may not be "that big of an issue" for Sister Clarice Faltus of St. Frederick Catholic High in Monroe, La. that the school's golf team went on to play on a course from which its black members had been excluded. But for many of us Catholics it is a *very* big issue. I'm willing to wager more was said

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about Christianity by this incident than in many of the religion classes held at St. Frederick's this year. Sister, the coaches and the school missed a very "teachable" moment.

FATHER MICHAEL EWERT, O.F.M.
Pastor
St. Francis Solanus Church
Quincy, Ill.

LANGUAGE BARRIER

Sir:

The item on former(?) Vanderbilt Basketball Coach Richard Schmidt in FOR THE RECORD (April 13) reminded me of the ambiguities of our language. It was headed RESIGNED. My first notion was that Vanderbilt had chosen to hire Schmidt again, had in fact re-signed him. Then I thought perhaps he had quit his post. Finally, I wondered if he had simply accepted his 28–27 record stoically; it is, after all, a winning record.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED appears to like playing with the language, and seldom falls unconsciously into the traps that await us all. Keep it up. It gives us pleasure as surely as the events you cover.

C.R. EMBRY
Eugene, Ore.

• Schmidt quit.—ED

CARSTENSZ CLIMBERS

Sir:

Congratulations to Sam Moses, Bob Shapiro and Geoff Tabin for climbing New Guinea's Carstensz Pyramid by a new route (*Mountain of the Mists*, March 2 and 9). Moses writes that in 1936 "an 11-man party led by A.H. Colijn of the Netherlands hacked a trail from the southern coast to the mountain in four weeks, but failed in three attempts to reach its summit."

Yes, foul weather forced my father and two climbing partners to give up on the Carstensz Pyramid. But the week before they had made a first ascent of Ngga Pulu. In his book *Naar de Eeuwige Sneew van Tropisch Nederland* (To the Eternal Snow of the Tropical Netherlands), Father gives Ngga Pulu an altitude of 5,040 meters (16,536 feet). He hoped it would be the highest summit of the Carstensz massif. The altitude of the Pyramid was not yet known.

Since 1936, other mountaineers have climbed the Carstensz and measured its peaks. Moses writes that Ngga Pulu is 15,947 feet and the Pyramid 16,203. So it appears that Father and his team climbed only No. 2. However, they were the first men to crampon their way up all that snow and ice of the Carstensz—previous expeditions turned back below the glacier—and they filled in the last white spots on the New Guinea map.

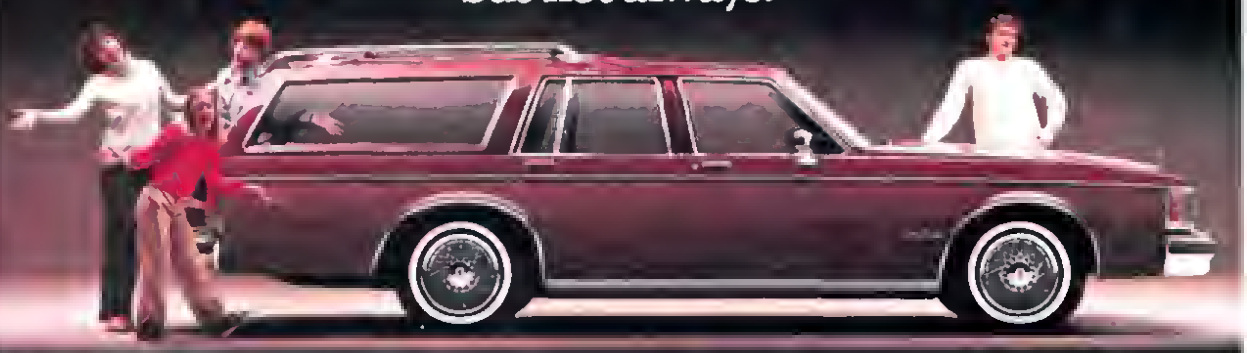
HELEN COLIJN
Menlo Park, Calif.

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